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THE DRUNKEN ENGINEER.

BY LOUIS CARROLL PRINDLE.

On! with a shuddering, piercing scream,
Hurled by a hissing Hell of steam,
On with a roar through the night so black
With headlight shining on curving track,
And no one to guess that death waits near
The hand of the run-crazed engineer.
The engine shrieks in its throbbing pain,
Till the wild hills echo it back again;
The stars look down in sweet pity to see
While the Devil laughs in his rollicking glee;
For he knows that to Hell a soul is near—
The soul of the drunken engineer.
On! with a tremble, a rush and a jar,
Behind comes the train; but a funeral car,
For death rides ahead, with a blood-marked roll,
A list of the bodies to soon lose soul;
Some for Heaven; but the Devil waits near
To welcome the soul of the mad engineer.
Now comes with a rush, like the hurricane's
Breath,
A glorious feast for the harvest of death;
No power can help—no power can save
A hundred lives from the waiting grave;
A hundred lives to some one dead,
All murdered, and lost, by one engineer.
With a shock like the crash of a rending world,
Or a hundred thunderbolts earthward hurled,
The engines meet; then all is o'er,
Though a hundred hearts will beat no more;
And the Devil shrinks back with a shudder of fear,
From the blood on the soul of the lost engineer.

The Red Scorpion: OR, THE BEAUTIFUL PHANTOM.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CRES-
CENT," "HOODWINKED," "HERCULES, THE
HUNCHBACK," "PEARL OF PEARLS,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

BEWARE! BEWARE!

"Does Karl Kurtz live here?"
It was a bold, authoritative voice that questioned the servant who answered the summons at the front door.
"He does, sir."
"Then, we wish to see him at once. We'll walk in—"
The domestic seemed embarrassed.
"You are strangers, gentlemen—were you invited? Can't you call again to-morrow?"
"No; we'll see him at once," decidedly.
"But, he's got company, sir."
"I judge so. It makes no difference; I say we'll walk in—"
"Wait, please, sir. Just stop here, and I'll tell him."
"Be quick, then."
In a few moments Kurtz came out of the parlor, and walked toward the door. As he passed the large clock, he involuntarily glanced at the dial. Instantly, his face paled as he noticed the hour; he half paused, and the muscles of his face twitched in a sudden start.
The comers stepped in as he approached, and, while Kurtz bowed distantly, the foremost presented a card.
"VINCENT CAREW," Kurtz read; and then he asked:
"You wish to see me on business?"
"Perhaps it may be called business—a special kind. I come from England."
"England?" He recoiled as he repeated the word, and darted a quick, searching glance at his strange visitor.
"If you are Karl Kurtz, I wish to see you in private."
The tone was singularly impressive; under ordinary circumstances, the delivery of the words would ill-reconcile with the position of one who was a visitor and a stranger.
But, turbid thoughts were already chasing rapidly through the brain of Karl Kurtz. As he bent a keen gaze on the man, he appeared to ignore the air of command, which this person, assumed, in an evident attempt to read the object of the unexpected call.
"I am very busy, just at present, entertaining company," he said, at length. "If you will come again to-morrow—"
He was interrupted by an impatient wave of the hand.
"Or, if you desire, I will have you shown to a room—"
"Neither will do. I must see you at once. And you dare not refuse."
"Hail. What do you mean by that?"
"Look!" pointing to the clock. "You see the hour?"
"Eleven," slowly spoke Kurtz, his eyes wandering to the time-piece and back again to the two men.
"And this is the twelfth of June. Do you understand?"
A trembling took possession of the listener's frame. But it was over in an instant; he faced the others determinedly.
"Who are you?"
"No matter. Come: a few minutes in private, if you please. Excuse yourself to your guests."
Kurtz wheeled short around and re-entered the parlor. Returning after a short time, he said, in a brief, snappish way:
"Now follow me."

Vincent Carew ascended the stairs behind him, and, lastly, Dyke Rouel kept close in their rear, his eyebrows wriggling, his whole appearance betraying considerable uneasiness.
To a long, low, book-lined library the two were led, and when Kurtz had banged the door shut, he bade them be seated. Throwing himself into a chair, he settled down in it comfortably, eyed them steadily, but said nothing.
Vincent Carew seemed resolved to pro-



"Ha! fellow-rascal! what's that for?"

ceed without delay to the business in hand.
"Now, then, Mark Drael, let us enter at once upon this thing."
"Mark Drael?—ha! who's Mark Drael? What do you mean?" and the old gentleman moved uneasily, as he thus exclaimed.
"I mean that you are Mark Drael, better known as Karl Kurtz."
"Mark Drael as Karl Kurtz!—ha! Fudge! What's all this? Where did you come from?—the lunatic asylum?"
"We came from England. We represent a man named Antoine Martinet."
"Antoine Martinet?" cried Kurtz, surprisedly, though Carew detected a falter in his voice. "You do—you—ha! now, who the devil is Antoine Martinet?"
"He was once a pensioner of yours. He's dead."
"Dead? I'm glad of it! That's good news."
"Why is it good news?" Carew interrupted him, sharply; then, arising from his seat, he took a step forward, fixing those gray eyes on Karl Kurtz, with a hard, metallic glitter in their scrutiny.
"Why?" spurted this man of nervous movements and numerous "ha's." "Why, did you say? Well—ha! it makes no difference why. Stop your nonsense and tell me what you want. What brought you—ho, there! fellow, what are you at? Quit that scribbling. You'll spoil my wall!" this last to Dyke Rouel, who was penciling a rough picture on the white plaster.
But Rouel kept on. He was playing a part. The spot he had selected, on which to trace the pencil outlines, was directly before Kurtz, so that he could not fail to see the figure made.
Carew also turned to look at the proceeding.
The old gentleman was, at first, astounded at the stranger's impudence in persisting when he had ordered him to stop. But he presently became interested. There was something there which riveted him. His face, pale at first meeting with his mysterious visitors, now grew paler; his lips parted, his breathing came hard.

Slowly Dyke Rouel drew the picture on the wall.
It was a tiny head; next, an elongated body, with legs that terminated in small claws, much resembling the hands of a human being; then a long, slender tail, with six joints distinctly marked.
He was an admirable sketcher; in a brief space he had finished, and when he moved aside, they beheld a faithful representation of a scorpion.
"Ha! fellow-rascal! what's that for?" Karl Kurtz leaped from his chair and strode forward, with an angry frown on his brow.
"Hold!" said Carew, motioning him back.
"Hold for what? Devil take you! you and your shadow here are too presuming, I think. You've called me away from my company to practice some tomfoolery—"
"Enough of this," Vincent Carew uttered the three words in a short accent, and added, immediately: "You see that thing on the wall, Mark Drael?"
"Mark Drael?—who is Mark Drael?"
"The figure represents a scorpion," continued Carew, without noticing the interruption.
"And what if it does?" now meeting the other's gaze with a front that was defiant, wrathful, that of one who was determined to maintain authority in his own house.
"A great deal, Mark Drael."
"Mark Drael" again! Demmy, sir, you are mistaken!"
"Mark Drael once used a scorpion to rid himself of an enemy. Though the sting of the animal is seldom known to be deadly, he found a means to make it so, and, with it, removed a dangerous rival of former years."
Kurtz listened. His eyes, perhaps, opened a trifle wider as he gazed into the sullen countenance of Vincent Carew.
"Well, sir, and what are you driving at? Zounds! here's time wasting, when I ought to be down-stairs."
"This exterior is well assumed, Mark Drael—"
"The devil! I tell you I am not Mark

Drael, nor Mark anybody else. My name is Karl Kurtz."
"While you act this part, your heart is shrinking in your breast. When you came out of the parlor a few minutes ago, I saw you look up at the clock. You started when you marked that the hour was eleven. Why? Because you remembered simultaneously that this was the twelfth of June; and with the remembrance, there came a vision of a dark deed done years ago, on a corresponding date. Ah, you are turning white! I bite deep now, do I? I tell you again, I come from Antoine Martinet; and I come with orders. Are you prepared to obey?"
Karl Kurtz was white. About the lips was a grayish hue, and his manner showed that he struggled with some utterance, which seemed nailed in his throat.
"Are you prepared to obey?" repeated Carew, threateningly. "Death is a fearful thing. Reflect."
"If you are indeed sent by Antoine Martinet," cried the old gentleman, at last, enunciating the words with apparent difficulty, "then show your right—where is the order?" the closing inquiry was a half-gasp, that ended in a scarce audible whisper.
"It is here," said Carew.
He drew a paper from his breast-pocket, and advanced. He did not know that Karl Kurtz clutched a pistol in the bosom of his vest; the hand that quickly glided there was unobserved, and, with a fierce imprecation checked upon his tongue's end, this strangely desperate man would in another moment have sped the fatal bullet on its way.
Dyke Rouel saw the movement! This human enigma, in black garb, noted the deadly flash of the old gentleman's eyes, and his attitude, as he glanced alternately from one to the other, was one of unconcealed anxiety in prospect of the collision. His eyebrows were now elevated to the roots of his hair, and appeared glued there in a rigid triangle; his mouth opened, and one hand raised and clenched, as he awaited the expected shot.
But something more powerful than mor-

tal warning saved the life of Vincent Carew.

Hardly had he taken a step, when he became transfixed. He stared wildly into the space beyond Karl Kurtz; the paper fell from his grasp; he threw his arms upward, uttered a hollow groan, and sunk backward—into the sustaining hold of Rouel, who sprang promptly forward.
"Maester, maester, rouse up! You mustn't faint now! Quick! he's going."
Kurtz snatched up the paper from the floor, and thrust it in his pocket.
"Tell him, when he gets over this, to wait until to-morrow, if he has aught to say to me," with this, which was spoken sternly, the owner of Birdwood turned to leave the apartment.
He was too engrossed with dark, threatening thoughts to question then as to the cause of Carew's mysterious faint; but a moment later he did wonder.
Some one knocked loudly at the door.
"Miss Lorilyn's fainted, sir!" blurted a servant, in the face of his employer.
"Fainted?"
"Yes, sir; out on the piazza, sir, all of a heap. We thought she was dead, at first. You'd better come down, sir."
"Show these men to a room," half-interrupted Kurtz, pointing to Dyke Rouel, who still supported Carew's limp, helpless form. As he hastened to descend the stairs, he thought:
"It is strange that two persons should faint in the very same moment in my house—a remarkable occurrence."
"Maester, rouse up!" it was Rouel who spoke the low words, and he gently shook his burden.
Vincent Carew gradually opened his eyes, and presently stood upright.
"Again, again!" he groaned. "O-h, curses! I am growing weak and sick under this fearful ordeal."
"That's the third time, maester."
"Yes," said the haunted man, "it's the phantom. This is the second time to-night!"
"What phantom, maester? I didn't see any thing."
"The beautiful face, Dyke—the thing that has haunted me of late. No one can see it unless they are a Carew. Where's Mark Drael?" the demand was abrupt, as he noticed that they were alone—yet, not alone, for the servant stood in the doorway gaping at them.
"Sh! not so loud, maester," admonished Rouel; "see, there's somebody listening. He's gone."
"Gone! Curse the Phantom! why did it weaken me just when I was about to show him how I held him in my power—"
"It saved your life, maester," interrupted his follower, with a peculiar look.
"Ah!"
"He had his hand on a pistol when you were going up to him—"
"The paper?" broke in Carew, as he missed the article. "Where is it?"
"He picked it up."
"Then let him read it at leisure. It will not spoil with keeping. We can do no more to-night, so— The box, Dyke?—you have it?"
"Safe, maester."
"Hold it tight. Come, we'll go to bed. Sirrah—" to the waiting servant.
"Would you retire, gentlemen?"
"Yes; show us our room at once."
They followed the man from the library, up to a sumptuously-furnished bedchamber, Dyke Rouel telling, on the way, how near his employer had been to death when he stepped forward with the paper in his outstretched hand.

Karl Kurtz entered the parlor, to find nearly the whole company crowded around a sofa, whereon lay the unconscious form of Lorilyn St. Clair. Mrs. Kurtz was tenderly bathing the pallid temples of the beautiful girl.
"How happened it?"
"We heard a cry in the direction of the piazza," explained one of the gentlemen, "and knew it was the voice of Miss St. Clair. Upon hastening out, we found her in a deathlike swoon."
"Strange. What was the cause?"
"That is something we can not imagine—"
"Lorry, dear, do you feel better?" Mrs. Kurtz spoke to Lorilyn, as the latter opened those dreamy eyes and gazed bewilderedly about her.
"What has happened?" she asked, lowly.
"You fainted, dear. What was it?"
"Ah, yes; I remember now. Assist me, aunt; I am weak. I—I must—excuse myself. I would be alone."
"But, Lorry, what—as it?" inquired her aunt, as she aided her to her feet.
"I hardly—I—do not know. I can not explain. Do not ask me. Let me go to my room."
Oscar Storms, from the far side of the parlor, looked after the retreating couple. In his face dwelt an expression that was puzzling; a mixture of inquiry, surprise, derision.
"Very, very strange," he muttered, twirling the ends of his silken mustache. "I was standing at the window, feasting in the vision of her beauty, when she fell. I saw no cause for it. Ah, Lorilyn St. Clair, I have long suspected that you have a life secret—now I am sure of it. All this haughty coldness, this repelling manner, this insensibility to the thrills of love, is wrought by something more than mere exercise of will; and people do not cry aloud and faint, without some good cause. Be it my task to ferret your secret out, and use it to my advantage; for you shall be mine."

—mine for better or for worse. If you think I will calmly resign my hopes, then you will see what a man may do to win the woman who is his idol.

While the music was once more crashing grandly, and the guests returned to their terpsichorean revelries, a shadowy form was noiselessly moving along the entry on the second floor, in the direction of the library.

It was Karl Kurtz. His face was white even to ghastliness as he paused before the lamp; his eyes were of an extremely nervous kind; he cast furtive glances about him, as if he dreaded some one or something that might be dogging him.

"The paper!" muttered he, producing the article which he had secured when Vincent Carew swooned before the apparition.

His fingers trembled as he began to break the blood-red seal. Twice he paused, twice a cold shiver passed over him. But, manning himself each time, he presently turned the first folio.

At that juncture, a hand fell upon his shoulder. Under the circumstances—the nerves so strung that the least sound appeared to frighten him—this silent interruption sent a thrill of ice into his veins.

When he looked around, it was to encounter the face of Dyke Rouel.

This individual's countenance, so sickly in its paleness, and with dark circles beneath the eyes, was like the visage of a smirking ghost. Only by a great effort did the startled man smother a cry of terror.

"You—what do you want here?" he gasped.

"To warn you," replied Dyke Rouel, quietly.

"To warn me?"

"Beware how you trifle with the man who came here to-night—Vincent Carew. He is bold, daring, reckless, when he meets with obstacles in another. He is deadly as an enemy. You know your real name is Mark Drai; he knows it, too. He has come upon a mission. It rests with you whether that mission shall be a bloody one."

"Ha! would he—"

"Ay, he would do any thing. If you dare to defy him, he would sweep you and yours from the face of the earth, even if he should pay the penalty on the gallows within a fortnight. I heard him swear, at the death-bed of Antoine Martinet, to make you stand to your bargain."

"You speak of Antoine Martinet—you knew him?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In London. He fled from America, he said, to escape justice, which pursued him for a crime he had committed at your instigation."

Again had Dyke Rouel discarded his low, whining voice, and the habit of twitching his eyebrows. He now spoke with an unmistakable emphasis.

"And where is Antoine Martinet now?"

"Dead. Ask me no questions. Remember—do not trifle with Vincent Carew. The slim form moved away with cat-like tread."

At the door Rouel paused, turned, gave the other a meaning look, then disappeared.

For a long time Karl Kurtz stood still as a statue; but there was a slight quiver in that stillness. A vacant, staring gaze was that which he fastened on the carpet at his feet, as he thought aloud.

"At last—at last it has come. Antoine Martinet, now gone where the law can not reach him, sends these men to wring from me the fulfillment of my pledge. That pledge?—God! what hours of misery does it recall! Would that you and I had never met, Antoine Martinet! Would that the fiery passions of my youth had not set you on to a deed which has accursed me nothing—nothing save regret and a darkened conscience."

Even when my rival was struck from my path, the woman I loved spurned me the same. And she went to her grave with a broken heart. But I have tried to atone in my care for Lorilyn. There, there, what use in all these memories re-wrought? In the toils—beggary, beggary at last!"

Slowly he restored the unopened paper to his pocket, and his head fell forward on his breast.

What was that which appeared around the door-jamb?—a face. It vanished in a second, and silence surrounded Karl Kurtz as he dreamed awake—a red, fearful dream of bygone days.

CHAPTER IV.

THADDEUS GIMP'S TALISMAN.

At his luxuriously-furnished rooms in L—, Oscar Storms sat with elbows resting on a table, and face buried in his hands. He was thinking.

It was the day after the party at Birdwood, the morning subsequent to the occurrences which mark our past chapters with importance.

Through the mind of young Storms was training something like this:

"Most strange and most perplexing. What well-kept secret lies in the bosom of Lorilyn St. Clair?—the woman I love to madness, and for whom I would sacrifice my all. That there is some secret, I am sure. What, unless the thoughts that so worked upon her until she imagined something at her side, could have made her swoon away, cry out as if a demon or a specter had confronted her?" (A short pause; then again the low musings.)

"What did I see last night?—what did I hear? Who were those strangers who commanded Karl Kurtz to leave his guests, saying he dared not refuse? Kurtz has a secret, too. And that slim humanity in tight-fitting black clothes—what did he say to Kurtz, in the library? I could not hear. Mystery, mystery enough to set one's brain in a whirl!"

It was near the dinner hour; but he had not prepared his toilet, sat in dressing-gown and slippers, careless of the lapse of time, and anon he stroked his fingers through his disordered hair, as if he would force into his head an explanation of those things which formed the subject of his meditations.

And Lorilyn has refused me. I had hoped that, by humoring her disposition, I might win her. Though I smiled, even when the pain of her refusal still clung to me, I could have—Oh! how I have yielded to this passion of mine! If I could only—

"Well, who's there?"

"A gentleman wants to see you, sir," said a servant, who had tapped lightly at the door.

"Do you know who it is?"

"The same one that's been comin' so regularly, sir."

"Show him up." He frowned as he gave the order.

A short man with fat body and head, spare limbs, bald pate and pale blue eyes, a mouth that was stained with tobacco-juice, a carriage of independence, a glance that was shrewd and sly—this was the visitor.

In one hand he carried a broad-brimmed straw hat, and in the other a heavy cane; as he entered, he bowed in a familiar way.

"Be seated, Mr. Gimp."

"Ah! yes. Thank you. Hope I see you in unusual good health, Mr. Storms. Heat's excessive—ain't it? Um!"

"I suppose you come on your old errand?" questioned Storms.

"Ah! well, yes; that is— Now, Mr. Storms, I don't want to be considered an eyesore; it's only business, you know."

Oscar Storms was busy at a small desk. Presently, he handed the other a bank-check.

"There, Mr. Gimp."

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Storms. Business is business, you know."

The pale blue eyes managed to twinkle just the smallest bit as he received the slip.

"I wish this transaction was over."

"Now, my dear Mr. Storms, you would n't be so inconsiderate, I know. Just think: if it was 'over,' Thaddeus Gimp wouldn't have any salary to draw regularly every month."

"When I engaged you as my lawyer, and pledged that, if you won the case which has given me my present wealth, I would pay you a salary as long as I lived, I did not reckon what a trial it would be to endure your continual presence, have you following me about like a shadow. I do not attempt to conceal it, Mr. Gimp; I dislike to see you."

"Now, my dear Mr. Storms," with a deprecative motion, "how can you? Don't you know you haven't a more sincere well-wisher in the world than I? Really!"

"It is natural to fawn upon wealth," Storms said, indifferently.

Just the slightest expression of original honor came to the round face of the lawyer, and distending his eyes, he exclaimed:

"Mr. Storms!"

"There, there, Thaddeus Gimp, I did not intend offense."

"Oh!"

The apology seemed to restore the other's equanimity.

"Now, Mr. Storms, let us proceed to business."

"Business?" repeated the young man, in surprise.

"Y—e—s, business," nodding his bald head and rubbing his hands together, while he appeared to enjoy the look of blankness in the face of Oscar Storms.

"What business, Mr. Gimp? I am not aware of any thing beyond our customary transaction."

"But it happens that there is something. Now, by chance, I know you love one Lorilyn St. Clair, niece of Karl Kurtz. Rumor—ha! ha! ha!"

Oscar flushed.

"Well, what of that?" he demanded, curtly.

"A more easily excited young man I never did see!" exclaimed Gimp.

"What of Lorilyn St. Clair, I ask?"

"Now, Mr. Storms, I know that she has refused a dozen good offers. Do you think you'll meet with any better success than her former suitors, eh?"

It was strange, he thought, that the lawyer should put such a question. Could it be that he knew of what had transpired on the piazza at Birdwood the night previous?—and if so, what was he driving at?

"No," replied Storms, directly, "I have no very great hopes."

"U—m! Well, now, I'm goin' to help you—"

"Ha! can you do this?" All eagerness, all anxiety was the manner of the speaker.

"Well, yes—I think I can."

"Thaddeus Gimp"—he arose suddenly and advanced to the lawyer's side—"if there is any way in which you can assist me, let me hear it. I love Lorilyn St. Clair with a wild, consuming fervor! And—I'll make a confidant of you: I proposed last night."

"Eh? You did?"

"Yes, and—" he hesitated.

"She refused you?" ventured Gimp.

"She refused me."

"Um! um! um—m—m—m! So?"

"Now, tell me how you can aid me."

Thaddeus Gimp looked down at the carpet, in a studying way.

"If the means I suggest works favorably, Mr. Storms—" he was saying, when the young man, comprehending, interrupted him.

"Then I'll double your salary."

"Good—very good. When are you going to Birdwood?"

"At once. Without delay."

"Well, pay attention: when next you see Karl Kurtz, whisper these words in his ear; he drew Oscar's head down and spoke something in an undertone. "You will immediately see some effect, I think," and the lawyer assumed a very wise look, after having delivered the brief instructions.

"But, what has that to do with Lorilyn?" interrogated Storms.

"A great deal. When you have done this, then say to Karl Kurtz: 'I love Lorilyn St. Clair; but she rejects me. You must compel her to be my wife, by fair means or foul, or dread the consequences, if you refuse.' That, I think, will fix it."

Oscar Storms was mystified.

"I'll do as you say, Mr. Gimp," though he spoke in wrapt wonderment.

"Do. Kurtz is a man of iron will. When you have made him your ally, the path to your aims will be smooth. See? Report to me soon, Mr. Storms; I want to hear of the effect. Now, I'll bid you good-day."

"Good-day."

Oscar Storms was alone.

The words of lawyer Gimp, and his promises of success, formed another shadow in the young man's perplexity.

Gimp was smiling, as if with some extraordinary inward satisfaction, when he walked from the house. He chuckled and thought:

"Ha! h—ah! now, here's my salary doubled—good! And I think I've got hold of something that will double that salary again—twice good! Pretty soon I'll give up my practice, build a brown-stone front, and live in ease—oh, wonderful ease! Nothing like being shrewd. It lifts a man right through the world. I shall wait till I hear how the thing takes, coming from the lips of Oscar Storms. If it is successful, then Thad. Gimp has a little hand to play, too. Ha! h—ah! how lucky that I had occasion to visit the Red Ox last night—how very lucky,

indeed! Yes, and the next step I take will be to find out more about those two strangers."

Smiling, chuckling, swinging his cane, heedless of his surroundings as he walked along and ruminated on some all-absorbing topic, he disappeared around a near corner.

Oscar Storms was eager to test the talisman put into his mouth by the lawyer, and made haste to a livery stable.

Birdwood was ten miles outside the city, and as he sped along the road, his impatience increased as the distance lessened.

When he alighted at his destination, he observed the two strangers, who had arrived the night before, seated on the piazza.

With a covert glance at them, he entered the house.

In the parlor he found Lorilyn. Lovely as ever, in a loose morning robe and hair tastily arranged with a large crimson rose, she sat near one of the windows reading a novel. Her face was pale—the stamp of a sleepless night—its expression was weary.

But it was a beautiful picture, and Oscar paused for a moment to contemplate it.

"Lorilyn."

She had not noticed his approach; at sound of her name she quickly raised her eyes from the volume—though without betraying much surprise.

"Mr. Storms?"

"Excuse me if I interrupted some pleasant dream, Lorilyn—"

"Oh, no; I had a lonely hour to pass, and merely opened the book at random. You wish to see my uncle? I'll call him."

"Stay; let me speak with you. You say you had a lonely hour to pass, Lorilyn. Why should you be lonely? If you would but choose, you might have one always with you who would aim to make every moment of your life one of joy—"

"Mr. Storms."

"Nay, listen. . . . Though you refused my offer of marriage only last night, I have not despaired. I am pleading, now, the greatest passion of my soul. I would persist, gently, in my suit. Will you not hear me? I love you, Lorilyn, more than man ever before dared love woman. It is you, alone, who can make me happy—and so easy, too; just say one word, one little word, that will tell me you may, some day, be mine—"

"Cease!" Lorilyn was icy in the interruption—the gesture accompanying the word was one of command.

"Do not speak of this again, Mr. Storms. Let me be female, but—say no more to me of love. There is uncle, now."

Mr. Kurtz had joined them.

With astonishment portrayed in every lineament, Oscar Storms contemplated him.

Karl Kurtz of twenty-four hours ago was scarce recognizable in the man who now stood before them.

The skin of the face seemed shrunken; the lips were drawn tight shut and bloodless; his look was haggard—the eyes, once flashing, and speaking the iron-like nature of their owner, were weak, restless, half-closed.

"Mr. Kurtz! why, what on earth—are you ill?"

"Yes—ill."

"Excuse me, gentlemen," Lorilyn withdrew.

"My dear sir, you—"

"Did you wish to see me, Oscar?"

The voice was awfully sepulchral that put the interrupting inquiry. Storms saw that the old gentleman did not care to be questioned.

"Yes, Mr. Kurtz, I came over expressly to see you—with regard to Lorilyn."

"Lorilyn?"

"You know that I have long loved her. I asked her hand in marriage last night, and she refused me."

"Refused you? But—" he stopped short. A shadow fell across the doorway. Some one was listening.

"Yes, I have been rejected. Now you must aid me."

"Oscar, I can not."

"Why? You have hitherto encouraged me."

"I know—but—I—"

"Mr. Kurtz, you must!"

"Must!" Karl Kurtz looked at him closely.

Oscar leaned forward and whispered something; then he said aloud:

"I love Lorilyn St. Clair, but she rejects me. You must compel her to be my wife, by fair means or foul, or dread the consequences if you refuse."

The lawyer's instructions were carried out to the letter.

The effect was startling to the speaker.

Karl Kurtz recoiled; for one moment he stood motionless, as if stricken by some unseen power that held him riveted; then to the pallid cheeks came a feverish hue, and, with a wail bespeaking agony, he sunk to the floor.

"Look here! What's all this?" Vincent Carew stood by the young man's side, his face, stern as an arbiter of fate, turning first to the prostrate form, and then upon him who had wrought the strange scene.

"He has fainted!" exclaimed Oscar, hardly knowing what he said, and standing like one transfixed.

"So I should think," replied Carew, sarcastically, as he took up a pitcher from a table and dashed its cold contents over Kurtz's face. "Take my advice now, and absent yourself," he said to Oscar. "You've done some great mischief here, and if he sees you when he recovers, it is likely he'll faint again."

Mechanically Oscar Storms left the parlor. As he stepped out on the porch, with head hung, and marveling at what he had done, he ran against Dyke Rouel.

"Beg pardon, sir," whined Dyke. "I didn't see you as I was coming in—indeed I didn't."

"Never mind; it's of no consequence." He was continuing on, but Dyke laid a hand upon his arm.

"Wait a minute."

"Well?"

Rouel glanced toward the windows, then toward the hall, then said, in an undertone:

"Tell me your name?"

"Oscar Storms," replied the young man, wonderingly.

"And where do you live?"

When the address was given, Dyke Rouel whisked a diary from his pocket and noted down the number and street with lightning rapidity.

"Why do you ask me these questions?"

"Will you be at home to-night?"

"Yes."

"At what hour?"

"The whole evening."

Again Rouel darted a glance toward the door and windows, evidently fearing an eavesdropper.

"I'm coming there to-night. I want to

see you. I've got something to tell—There, pass on."

"Who are you?"

"Sh! pass on; here comes my master."

"His master," muttered Storms, as he re-entered his buggy and drove off; "what can the fellow mean? By heavens! this thing is growing more intricate, instead of my being able to solve it. What can be in the wind? I must see Thaddeus Gimp, and tell him what has happened. I begin to feel worried."

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 132.)

Strangely Wed: OR, WHERE WAS ARTHUR CLARE?

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "CECIL'S DE-
CEIT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN THE COURT-ROOM.

It was the time of the quarterly court term at Centerton, and Fonteney's trial was at hand.

The court was crowded with people from all parts of the county. A strong and general indignation was excited by the cowardly, cold-blooded method of assassination, and Gerald, as the supposed perpetrator of the deed, was regarded as a monstrosity of human depravity.

There were whispers that a defense had been prepared, and that the prisoner's counsel was one of the most noted lawyers in Pittsburgh. But it was said, with apparent satisfaction, neither judge nor jury could overlook the convincing evidence of his attempt to 'break jail, taken together with all the other suspicious circumstances.

The prisoner cast one piercing glance around him as he was led into the court. The room was crowded, a sea of faces turned toward him, but the one he looked for was not there. He took his seat and leaned his head wearily upon his hand, but not a trace of emotion broke the composure of his dark, regular features.

Miss Gardiner occupied a conspicuous position, a little flushed, with a glittering light in her wide gray eyes, and a nervous tremor beneath her studied calm demeanor.

She was exquisitely and richly clad. She wore a carriage-dress of heavy green moire, with full, sweeping, unbroken skirt; a cloak of sable-fur, and a tiny green bonnet, with a cluster of pure white buds, above her mass of beautiful hair.

She leaned forward slightly and looked intently at the prisoner, but that one rapid glance of his passed over her as though she had been an utter stranger. She bit her lip and turned away, enraged at such indifference.

Miss Alethea was to glory in the downfall of the man who despised her in his heart.

The case was announced and a number of witnesses called. There was mine host of The Happy Rest; his rosy-cheeked, sentimental daughter; the lad who delivered the letter at The Terrace; the express messenger who brought the box; the servants from The Terrace; but, over all, Mr. Granville's testimony had greatest weight.

He identified the prisoner, F. Gerald, alias Gerald Fonteney, as an adventurer who had allured his ward, Justine Clare, into a clandestine marriage, a year before.

He stated that Lambert, unconscious of this fact, had made suit for the hand of the girl. His testimony, though not conclusive in itself, seemed to throw light upon a point which had hitherto remained obscure, giving a motive for the commission of the deed.

The evidence against the prisoner was purely circumstantial throughout, but the stern faces of the jury, and the low murmurs which ever and anon ran through the assembly, betrayed the direction in which their minds were firmly prejudiced.

At last the counsel for the defense arose.

At the same instant there was a stir in the court as a little party entered, and were ushered forward by an official to a seat which had been reserved for them. Doctor Chalmers came first, and after him Arthur Clare, with Justine upon his arm. They were followed at a respectful distance by Naome and Art Lyon.

Justine's dress was a black velvet, perfectly fitted to her supple little figure. A tiny velvet hat sat lightly upon the soft dusky rings of her glossy hair, and a lace veil, richly wrought, shaded but did not conceal her glowing features.

Her face was flushed with animation, her eyes full of a triumphant light; it changed to a look of ineffable tenderness as her gaze rested upon the prisoner. He started to his feet, and, like a flash, his somber, quiet face was transformed; such an expression of rapt trustfulness, a sudden upspringing of hope, and a pure passion-flame in his deep dark eyes!

Miss Gardiner had been saying something in an undertone to Mr. Granville, who, after his release from the witness-stand, returned to the position he had previously maintained at her side.

The object which had sprung up in Miss Alethea's mind in these last few weeks, next to her intent of wreaking vengeance on the man who had slighted and scorned her—next to this was her determination of some day becoming mistress at The Terrace. She had sacrificed her best years to her anticipation of a revenge, the manner of obtaining which she had confided to Mr. Granville in their first interview. Now she meant to atone for it by the consummation of a grand match which would gratify to the utmost her love of luxury and lavish display.

The stir in the court drew their attention. Both were ignorant of Justine's escape, both believed her secure in the asylum where they had planned to place her.

Her triumphant entry now came like a shock to them both. But Mr. Granville's face, first flushing with angry rage, paled suddenly, and he grew faint as his gaze rested on Justine's companion.

The reader will remember that for ten years he had not looked upon the face of his victim. During all the time of Arthur Clare's sojourn in the mysterious house, Mr. Granville had never appeared in his presence. But now the latter knew him, despite the fearful change a single decade had wrought, and his fascinated gaze followed the tall, attenuated figure, until the

doors. No one knew exactly how it happened, and the father was afterward discharged for neglect of duty; but, as the man appeared to care little for the loss of his situation and to be at no want for funds, it was presumed that he yielded to the bribes of the prisoner, who had been permitted to retain the valuables he had upon his person at the time of his arrest.

The escape was discovered shortly afterward, and instant pursuit made. The fugitive was traced without difficulty to the edge of the Denver wood. The officers of the law sent back for a larger force to beat the wood; but while they waited there was another pursuer upon the track, one more relentless and quicker to act.

Wert never forgave Mr. Granville the blow he had dealt him; it was Wert now who crept through the thicker portions of the forest, holding in leash the impatient hound which had once guarded the secret of the man he was now pursuing. On and on, never flagging, never turning aside, and at last, with one blood-chilling cry, as he felt himself free, the savage brute bounded forward upon his prey.

It was a sight that made the heart sick which the officers found there. A horribly mutilated body, from which the soul had fled; Austin Granville was beyond the reach of human punishment.

Wert, stained deeply with a murderous crime, hid away for a time; and when afterward found, was mad—raving mad!

He was placed in an asylum for criminals.

Providence sends strange and awful dispensations sometimes.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 123.)

Pearl of Pearls:

OR,
CLOUDS AND SUNBEAMS.
BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "HOODWINKED," "HERCULES THE HUNCHBACK," "PLAYING TALLEMAN," "BLACK CRESCENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII. AGAIN IN THE TOWNS.

THE sudden appearance of Cassa; the rough grip in which the negress caught her; the lowering expression on the black countenance—where the whites of the eyes stood out, and the glistening teeth grinned, as she grinned in triumph; the savage threat made by Dorsey Derrick, while he leered down upon the unfortunate object of Claude Paine's persecution; all this filled the child with a nameless, agonizing terror, and she nearly sunk down at their feet.

But there was a quick reaction. Seeming to be gifted with a strength remarkable for one so young, she tore away the rude hands that pressed over her mouth, and, at one desperate wrench, freed her arm.

In breaking the hold the negress had fastened upon her, she so bruised her tender flesh, that she could not suppress a cry of pain.

But that cry molded to a wild scream; and she darted away from them—

"Help! Help!" rung from her lips, in accents of alarm.

But the flight and the cry were useless. Ere she had taken a dozen leaps, her enemies were after her, swift and angry—presently catching her; and Derrick closed his vicious hand, like a contaminating coil, around her fair throat.

The appeal for help wasted itself on the surrounding stillness. But there was a window thrown up on the opposite side, from which issued a stream of light, and a head was thrust out, whose owner gazed up and down the street.

The three were out of sight, however, in the surrounding shadow, and the window was presently closed.

"Now will you be quiet—or shall I choke you to death?" hissed Derrick, as he partially loosened his half-deadly grip.

Pearl could not recover her breath for some time; when she could speak, she wailed:

"Oh! what—what are you going to do with me? I never gave you any cause to hunt me down like this! Won't you let me go—to mamma, please?"

"What's your goin' to find her? Your mother ain't dar," said Cassa, bluntly, with a nod in the direction of the house.

"Not there?" cried Pearl, in a pitiful tone.

"Where is she, then?"

"Done gone away," left you to de keer of me," the negress replied.

"Your mother has gone a long way from here," indorsed Derrick, "and you have no real friends but us."

"You—my friends?"

"Yes, we are. And I'll tell you why we are. If you go along quietly and behave yourself, we'll do you no harm, at all, I promise you. If you make a fuss, I'll have to choke you again, and we'll take good care of you; and when your mother comes back you may return to her," the last persuasively.

"You don't mean that," demurred Pearl.

"You'll never let me go back."

"Yes, we will. Come, now, make up your mind which way it shall be. You are all by yourself, and we could do whatever we wanted to with you. But we don't want to hurt you if we can help it. Will you go?"

"Take me," said Pearl, in a low, subdued voice, and she hung her head and clasped her hands before her, as they led her away.

The threat and the promise combined had made her submissive; but there was a hopeless, miserable feeling in her tortured bosom, as she walked silently along between the two.

"Where's we goin'?" asked Cassa.

"We can't go over to Baltimore to-night," he replied.

"Where's we goin', den?" she repeated.

"I wonder if the child will behave herself," he said, inquiringly, ignoring her question, and looking down at Pearl.

"Yes—I don't care," Pearl muttered, absently.

"I ax you where's we goin' at?" persisted the negress.

"We will go to the house of a man I know of, on L street, who will give us shelter for to-night; and in the morning we'll go to New York. Now, see here"—he put the question very abruptly—"was that story true, about the child getting away from you at the depot in Baltimore, by going after a drink of water?"

"At the depot?" exclaimed Pearl, raising her eyes quickly.

"Why, did she tell you it was at the depot that I got away from her?"

"You chile—shut you mouf, now!" snapped Cassa.

"Humph!" granted Derrick. "I thought as much. Now, nigg, tell me the true 'cause why' of the child getting away from you. Come, make a clean breast of it."

"Well den I tell you. Dere am no use fo' to go to New York wi' de chile—"

"Why?"

"Cause I's got a sister in Baltimore, what lives 'way out de way of everybody, an' thar's where I went at; an' de chile would be jus' as safe from doin' de gen'leman trouble, as if she wa' in New York. So now."

"That's it, eh?"

"Yes, tis."

"And you think the child could be as safely kept out de way in Baltimore as she could in New York?"

"I does," emphatically.

Derrick reflected a moment.

"Now," he said, presently, "if you are sure she could be safely kept—"

"I is shuah," interrupted Cassa.

"Then I don't see any necessity for your going to New York."

"Dere ain't no necessity."

"Well, we'll talk it over in the morning."

Cassa glanced down at the child, with an expression of feature that conveyed, in a sort of spiteful triumph:

"Now den—what you get by stickin' you tongue in!"

But Pearl did not see the evil look, nor feel the malignant gleam of the dark eyes; she was again silent and pensive—continuing on between them, as if she had no will of her own, but obeyed, in a sort of wakeful insensibility, the voices of her two captors.

Near to the West End Market stands a frame building of unique shabbiness. Its front is battered and stained by rain and wind, till the knots in the planks stand out like so many ugly warts of monstrous size; and the frames of windows and door have long since sunk from the exactness given them by the carpenter's "spirit-level."

It is a miserable hovel, taken altogether, hardly tenable, and of skeleton-like appearance; yet over the door of many cracks and seams hangs a scarce legible sign—

"BOOTS AND SHOES
MADE AND REPAIRED."

To this uncouth establishment Dorsey Derrick conducted the negress and their captive.

Before the door he paused, and rapped loudly; and a voice on the outside answered with:

"Come in then, an' shup the racket on de door, before ye thump a hole through it."

They entered a room that was bare and dingy, with an atmosphere of leather and dirt.

At one side a stove was hot and red; over the floor, whose planks tilted and groaned beneath the weight of the comers, the usual litter of a shoemaker-shop was strewn; and on a bench, by a crooked candle—with hammer and awl in hand, and the stump of an oil-soaked pipe in his mouth—sat a short, stout, red-faced man, with spectacles hung on his nose, and a bristling beard on cheek and chin.

The eyes in the spectacles ogled and turned, and his broad mouth twisted downward at the comers, as he looked up at them.

"Hello, Connaught!" saluted Derrick, immediately, as he closed the door after him.

"The devil ye say!" exclaimed the puller of wax ends. "It's yerself, Dorsey Derrick!"

"Yes—me. Get up, Connaught, and listen to me. I've come on business."

"Business is it? 'Av ye a shoe to mend—"

"Bala! no. Get up—"

"Well, then, d'ye go on now, an' devil the bother 'a' me gittin' up when I've stuck to the bench all day, till me legs is bent to the fit o' it. Who the devil's that?—an' what the devil's that?"

CHAPTER XXIV.
CASSA TELLS WHAT SHE KNOWS, AND DERRICK THINKS ON IT.

THE Irishman looked at Cassa, over the top of his spectacles; then toward Pearl; and finally gazed at Derrick, as he added, in a high key:

"Is it to Heaven ye've been, an' shote a angel—then been to the other place, an' marri'd the gran'mother of old Beelzebub? Did I ever see the likes?—look 'a' the nagur! Bless me soul! but she's wan of the blackest iver stood before a cobbler!"

"Cease your nonsense, Connaught—"

"It's ceasin' I am. What the devil d'ye want?—ow! look at de swate bit of a gurl!—for all the world a picture, sure."

"I tell you to listen to me—"

"Sure me ears is bigger than a jackass's, with listenin' for what ye 'ave to say! Why don't ye go on?"

Pearl had drawn near to the stove, for she felt chilly; and though she heard all that was passing, she scarce heeded it. Her mind was bewildered and dreamy, as if she hardly cared to think upon any thing, save the unsettled, miserable feeling that worked its enervating influence in her faculties.

Cassa—except when the Irishman made the uncomplimentary allusion, and caused her eyes to turn, for a moment upon him, with a condescending gleam in their dark depths—was watching the child closely. She was determined that Pearl should not have an opportunity to escape a second time. She had, already, come very near losing the prize that was to accrue her a regular and comfortable salary, and, as such chances for obtaining money were of rare occurrence, she would not, by lack of vigilance, run another risk—particularly as the young girl would be more apt than ever, now, to try to get away, since she knew she was being detained for a purpose.

But Pearl had no idea, then, of escape. She was quiet, submissive—hopeless.

"Connaught," said Derrick, with a mysterious air, "I want room for this girl," pointing to the child.

"A room?" repeated Connaught, in a tone of mingled surprise and inquiry.

"Yes; and it must be a strong one."

"A strong wan, is it?"

"Yes—"

"An' did ye expect to find the same in this ould shanty? Why didn't ye go to a fashionable hotel?—ye've plenty money, I know."

"And some of that money is for you, Connaught," with a nod and a significant wink.

The Irishman winked also; then he screwed up one corner of his mouth, as he glanced covertly at Pearl. In the same moment he arose from his bench, and, leaning close to Derrick's ear, whispered:

"What's it all mane, anyhow? Who's the gurl?—what are ye goin' to do 'id'er?"

"I tell you, I want a room—up-stairs, to keep her in till morning. Here's a chance to make ten dollars."

"No, is it?"

"You—if you do what I want, and ask no questions?"

"Ten dollars?"

"Yes."

"An' I must hold me tongue?"

Derrick nodded.

"Hiss, then! Bring the gurl, an' I'll do that same—though the cracks in the boards is a'most big enough for the bird to slip out. Tin dollars?—an' hold me tongue? Come on, then."

He took up the crooked candle and moved toward the back room.

"Come, child," said Derrick, touching the child on the arm.

She followed him, without a word.

A creaky stairway led to an apartment in the second story; and in this apartment was a mattress, with several ragged blankets on it, while, at one side, a broken pitcher and a dirty basin made up the chamber furniture of the poverty-stricken shoemaker.

"There's water for ye," said Connaught, indicating the pitcher. "Ye'll find more slape on that ould mattress than ye dream of—an' a jewel's as good in the dirt as a gem on the finger. Will I 'ave ye the light?"

"No," answered Pearl, absently.

She stood near the center of the cheerless room, her fair head drooping, and her mind absorbed in a state that has no name.

They left her alone; and as they withdrew, she heard the key turn loosely in the lock, and realized, more thoroughly than, how much of a captive she was.

For a long time after being left to herself, Pearl remained motionless in the dark surrounding; and as her eyes gazed strainingly downward, strange luminous visions seemed to rise before her—pictures of the past, amid golden sheens and brilliant flashes; familiar scenes and faces, until she almost believed she heard the voices of those who had been her dear companions and playmates at a time when she little dreamed how soon and abruptly she was to be separated from them, never—as her heart felt now—to see them or speak with them more.

Again, in the solitude of her imprisonment—as when she had sat dreaming on the planks in the cellar of the house in Baltimore—she thought of her father, till her heart beat faster and faster; and, at last, his face appeared in the center of her imaginary seeing; and her lips moved in a tremulous whisper:

"Papa!—Papa!" she breathed, involuntarily.

But the sound of her own voice broke the spell that was upon her.

With a long, deep sigh, she groped toward the door.

When she laid down on the comfortable couch, an overwhelming grief assailed itself, and she cried in a low, hysterical way.

Derrick and the Irishman returned to the shop. The first named drew a frail stool forward, and bade Cassa sit down.

When the negress was seated, she rested her elbows on her knees, sunk her chin to her hands, and gazed stoically at the fire, which Connaught had just given a severe poking.

Derrick threw himself carelessly on a large chest, at one side of the stove, and lighted a cigar.

Connaught refilled his pipe, and resumed his work, and, for a long while, there reigned a silence that was only broken by the rapping of the hammer, as it drove the pegs, and the indefinite, drawing strain of an incompressible hum which the Irishman indulged in.

"I wonder where Claude Paine is, by this time?" at last spoke Derrick, putting the question to himself, as he puffed out a ring of smoke and watched its ascent.

Cassa looked up quickly; then she fixed her gaze again on the fire.

"You knows," she said.

"Eh? I wasn't speaking to you."

"I say you knows—you knows where he is," she reiterated.

"Yes—do you knows, jes' well's I does."

"And you know?"

For a second she glanced at him.

"Yes, I know."

"The deuce you do! What do you know?—how much?—where did you learn?"

"Mis'r Paine, he done gone wi' de chile's mother, who he goin' to marry."

"Thunder!" he exclaimed, in surprise.

Connaught pricked up his ears, but went on with his work and his humming.

"I knows—de gen'leman, he goin' to marry de mother of de chile, 'cause de money belong to de chile, 'cordin' to de will 'at's done been gin' to Mis'r Paine, by de chile's father—an' dat's why Mis'r Paine he don't want de chile in his way, an' gi's her to me; 'cause, den, de chile don't get de money, an' de mother she do, an' he get de wider—an' she, I guesses, done gone dead in love wid him. An' dey run off together. So, now."

He stared at her in astonishment.

"D'ye mind the plot 'av'em?" exclaimed Connaught, inwardly, as he hummed the lower end, and drove in a peg with a whack of unusual force.

"Where did you get all this, woman?" Derrick demanded.

"Hi! Done hear him tell you all about it, de night of de bargain, up on 'Costia Ridge'."

"O-h! then it was you who eavesdropped in the bushes—and not a dog, eh?"

She nodded her woolly head.

"And," he continued, "if Claude Paine had caught you at it, do you know what he'd done?"

"What he'd done?"

"Knocked your head off, probably."

"Sho! I's seen him befo', I has. I could tole de madam what he's in love with a tale 'at wouldn't be nice. So."

"What do you mean?"

"I means dis: Claude Paine, he am a vilyun. He make love to a little gal out West, long time ago, an' den run off an' broke her heart, he did. I was dar—I woked fo' de family. Knowin' he's a vilyun, I wanted to jes' see de more vilyunny he was drivin' at. An' I foun' out, too. I believes de mother of dis chile ain't so much better'n he is, neither—dey bofe am plottin', as I imagines, to rob de gal outen de money. So."

"What was the name of the family out West that you say worked for?"

"Where de gal was dat Claude Paine he broke her heart?"

"Yes."

"Dey was name Wolfe—an' if de gal's brother, he ever come back from over de ocean, where he went when he's a boy, den let Mis'r Claude Paine look out, fo' he kill 'im, shuah!"

"Wolfe!" Derrick repeated, quickly, several times. "What was the other name of this brother? Do you know?"

"Dey call him young Mars's' Percy, when I see him las'—long time ago."

"Percy Wolfe?" thought Derrick; "the brother of the girl whose heart Paine broke! And he's here!—already on Paine's track, for other causes. By Jove! here's a regular mess."

Silence again prevailed.

When the Irishman signified his intention of retiring, he gave Cassa a couple of old blankets, and the negress curled herself up, in a sitting posture, in one corner, where she soon went to sleep.

Derrick remained seated on the chest, after Connaught went up-stairs, still puffing at his cigar-stump.

And, in the dim light afforded by the red stove, he was watching the smoke-clouds that arose from his lips, and pondering upon something momentarily important which had entered his mind—that something aroused by the words of Cassa, the negress.

An hour passed. Then he seemed to have framed a resolution of some kind which gave him satisfaction, for he muttered inaudibly, smiled in a peculiar manner, cast aside his cigar, and lying down on the chest, managed to fall asleep.

In the morning, at an early hour, Connaught was up, and preparing his usual scant breakfast fare.

A pot of coffee bubbled and hissed on the stove, and an odor of stale fish frying was the unpleasant cause of Derrick's awakening.

"Here's your ten dollars," he said, when he handed the Irishman the promised amount.

"Thank ye for a gintleman," Connaught pocketed the money, and gave the fish a scientific turn in the pan.

Derrick started up-stairs, to look after Pearl.

Cassa was standing near the stove, with her eyes fixed hungrily on the solitary fish.

"Is it hungry ye are?" burst forth the Irishman, suddenly, as he noticed her wistful stare.

But, ere she could answer, there came a cry from the room above.

Cassa hurried to the stairway, half-fearing what that cry meant.

Derrick appeared at the upper landing, and growled down:

"By Jove! nigg, the gal's gone!"

CHAPTER XXV.
PEARL'S ESCAPE.

PEARL—poor suffering child—was crying herself to sleep.

Lower and slower came the painful sobs, and the face that was buried in the coarse ticking of the pillow, was gradually calming and drying, as the mild influence of slumber began to weave its blisses of forgetfulness around her sorely-tested heart.

Slowly, slowly a quietness formed within her chafed spirits—as if a guardian angel were smoothing all the ruffled tides of thought, and pouring balm upon her soul-deep wounds.

Slowly to sleep—and yet, not so, for the jetty, silken lash had not ceased its tremor, the breathing was not of that gentle regularity characteristic of the repose of one so young in years.

Nor was the somnolent god to light her visions then, with the gilded beauty streaming from the portals of his mystic realm.

Suddenly the eyes started open—the head, with its wealth of hair, half-raised upon the pillow; and eyes and ears were strained in the darkness of the room, as she listened to the murmur of voices beneath her.

The flooring of the apartment was thin and worn, making audible the dialogue between Derrick and Cassa, that was in progress in the shop below.

"I mean dis: Claude Paine, he am a vilyun!"

These were the words that had aroused her—so distinct, so significant, so impressive.

Then she bent forward attentively, as the negress went on to explain how Claude Paine had broken the heart of a confiding girl in the far West, and sent the deceived one to the grave, while he lived on in gayety and carelessness, as though his act had merited no censure.

And there was more. She crawled noiselessly forward to a crack in the treacherous planks—through which came the faint glimmer of the candle—and looked down upon the two who were conversing.

Her bosom heaved with pent-up excitement; she drank in Cassa's words—heard the latter declare a belief that Paine and Isabel were striving to rob her (Pearl) of the benefits of a father's will.

She could scarce smother the exclamation of pain and surprise that arose to her lips, when she heard the negress utter her suspicions; and it was with a strange, inexplicable feeling that she drew back, breathing fast, and pressing her hands to her throbbing heart, to think upon what had been suggested to her mind.

It was a brief period of thought. She was quick at framing conclusions, and, in a few seconds, she forced herself to believe that Cassa must have spoken the truth, that Claude Paine was her enemy, and to him she owed all that she had suffered since the hour in which she learned of her father's death.

With the conclusion, she asked herself if she should be submissive, if she should meekly bear the trials being put upon her; and with the question, again did the iron in the nature of the child-woman assert itself, for she clenched her little fists, and whispered faintly, through her set teeth:

"Never! I would bear a good deal, but I will not be trampled upon—for I do not believe that God means that, when he tells us to be humble before our enemies!"

Heaven was guiding the young girl's instincts—besides infusing strength into her system, and the fire of stern purpose into her veins—for she turned involuntarily to one side of her prison, and discovered a board shutter swinging, boltless, on its leather hinges before a window that had neither sash nor glass.

To steal across and open this, without the slightest sound to betray her, was but the work of a

THE Saturday Journal

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Mrs. Jennie Davis Burton's NEW STORY!

We shall commence, in our next issue,

MADAME DURAND'S PROTEGES; OR, The Fateful Legacy.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
 AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "CECIL'S DECEIT," "ADRIA THE ADOPTED," ETC., ETC.

A woman wearing an impenetrable mask to her true nature is seemingly cruel, heartless and implacable—profusely liberal yet exacting and mean—shrewd and far-seeing yet hampering herself with difficulties—about whose very dress and jewels hang an air of mystery and a fate—such is Madame Durand, a compound of contradictions, a splendid intrigante, a heart of steel, and yet, a woman of amazing sense of right and capacity to accomplish great results.

This woman is the central figure of a drama which, from the first, holds the reader in its half-weird—half-fierce spell. But, with subtle discrimination, the author throws in, as foils and contrasts,

The stately, proud and pure Mirabel;
 The pliant, weak and treacherous Fay;
 The falsely-led maid, Milly;
 The honorable, courageous Erne Valere;
 The crafty, unprincipled Lucian;
 The faithful, loving North.

All really are the proteges of this strange woman, whose destinies she literally holds in her hand; and yet, none of them know it, and all are ignorant of the intimate relations which they sustain to one another, and to the apparently merciless creature who rules them—a relation which not even the suspicious eyes of the Madame's old and faithful lawyer can fathom.

In using such material, Mrs. Burton has tasked a higher range of powers than serve to construct an ordinary novel; and by it she takes rank in the school wherein Wilkie Collins and George Eliot are types. That she has succeeded is but to say she has produced a splendid novel—one which must give the author name and fame with those who know what excellence in fiction is.

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—Bernard C. G.—who also signs himself as "A Young Chemist"—asks us, "Is it true that diamonds actually have been artificially formed, and how?" We answer it is not true that charcoal has been melted, and until that is done a pure carbon diamond can not be produced artificially. Imitation gems have been made so closely resembling diamonds and other precious stones as to defy detection except by very careful examination and test. These made gems are sold at great prices. Professor Lippert, of Dresden, we are now told, prepared three thousand "castles" of diamonds, all of which have been sold as real gems. We can not give the actual process, although that is no secret, for M. Fontaine, a member of the Academy of Sciences (Paris) has, in an elaborate paper, revealed the method of producing a perfectly colorless crystal, which, by being colored any named shade can be converted into almost any required gem. Several German chemists have also revealed the "secret." It is stated, on good authority, that three-fourths of the diamonds now worn in this country are counterfeit stones—most of which have been sold for the real gem!

A lady, who evidently has not written much for the press, writes: "Will you, if I send a chapter or so of a short tale, read it over and take the trouble to write me and say what you think of it?" etc., etc. No, dear Miss; we are just hard-hearted enough to say it emphatically. We are far too overburdened with office duties to write to every experimenter who wants a written opinion of his or her merits or demerits. Such a service is one no editor cares to render. It is a teacher's work—not an editor's. We read all MSS. sent in, and report them available or otherwise in the proper department of the paper, and can not write to authors individually. We say this now, for the twentieth time, and yet expect to have to say it as many times more, as there are so many people in this world who deem themselves always exalted from the action of a general rule—"good and necessary for others, perhaps; but, bless you, not intended for me!" It is intended particularly for you, nevertheless. Believe us, dear friends, solicitous to hear from us personally, and don't ask us to except any one.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

As a general thing, I think we are too eager to give our advice to others before weighing it enough to see if it be of the right kind. What is good advice to one may prove rather poor to another, and we've only to take a case to see if this is not true in many particulars.
 Some poor girl, with scarcely enough means to keep her from starvation's door, and with no friends to aid her pecuniarily or by counsel, writes for advice to the editor of a paper. This is the answer she

gets: "Above all things avoid extravagance, and practice the strictest economy." Now, I saw that very answer in a paper lately, and I thought to myself such advice was more suitable to a spendthrift than to one who had a body and soul to keep together, and with only a few stray coppers to accomplish that feat.

Every day of our lives don't we see quoted the words, "Keep out of debt?" Yes we do, and to many that would be good advice; but there are certain very worthy individuals who can not help getting in debt, and if they are honorable in returning the money they borrow, I can't see where there is so much harm done, can you?

It may be a naughty thought of mine, when I am led to imagine that a good many of these persons who are so eager with their advice have a good deal of ready cash on hand which they don't desire to lend, hence their war-cry of "Keep out of debt."

You think the rich do not feel keenly enough the sufferings of the poor? 'Tis not to be wondered at; how should they? They have enough for all their wants, real or imaginary. A few dollars seem so trifling to them, they can not see the benefit it would do others.

And don't you think our poorer neighbors are a little bit too reticent in making their situations known to those who can and would aid them? It can not be pleasant for one to expose his poverty; but how can help come to him unless others know that he needs it? Isn't it a bit of wrong pride to suffer for the necessities of life when others would only be too glad to furnish them, because you are too proud to let people know you are in straitened circumstances?

You must not, in that case, feel hurt if your neighbors do not voluntarily come forward to your assistance. They won't feel like doing so; they will be afraid of hurting your pride.

I could never see why the lack of means should make a person less honored, and have less attention paid to him than one who is better off; but I have seen it, and it didn't put me in very good spirits either, and I've said some rather sharp things in consequence.

Ever and I are so peculiarly constituted that we can see as much merit in the person whose flour barrel has been empty for some time as in the one whose cellars are full of the good things of this life, and we've come to the conclusion that it would be far more harmonious for the rich to give their money, instead of their advice, to the poor. You see, advice is all very good in its way, but it don't "feed the hungry," nor "clothe the naked," as money will, and that is exactly what is needed.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Useful Inventions.

The Whitehorn family have astonished the world by their inventions from the time a certain scion of the house invented a half-dollar so perfect that any one would take it—if he didn't think to bite it (that ancestor's services were afterward fully recognized by the Government), on down to my humble, but no less celebrated, self. With permission of the reader I will call a few of my inventions from a late Patent Office report, which have brought me so much honor from my countrymen. I merely copy them as printed in the report.

One six-bladed, freestone-fronted, cushion-seated night-cap.

One kid-gloved, double-soled, fine-toothed, all-wool, ash hopper.

One slate-roofed, chromometer-balance, fleece-lined pair of tongs.

One marble-voiced, whalebone-ribbed, patent-leather gridiron.

One gold-headed, double-tracked, full-jeweled, three-floated wash-board.

One rose-colored, fine-stitched, hunting-case bean-pot; with brass buttons.

One freestone, schooner-rigged, Russian-iron handkerchief, with attic.

One bomb-proof, clipper-built, double-breasted nutmeg-grater, with gas.

One alabaster, Mansard-roofed and highly-perfumed fire-shovel, with double boilers.

One double-pointed, high-backed and patent extension gallon-jug.

One freestone-capped, gingham, open-fronted barn-door button.

One brass-plated, porcelain-knobbed, finely-pulverized door-mat.

One case-hardened, raven-haired, cashmere pig-trough.

One silver-mounted, wide-brimmed, breech-loading mop, brick.

One seven-story, gilt-framed, transparent hoe, with side pockets.

One steam-propelled, ready-reckoning, hem-stitched hen-coop.

One six-shooting, morocco-bound and sugar-coated, reversible broom, with bathroom.

One Valenciennes sugar-cured and cream-laid step-ladder.

One egg-shaped, brass-cyeled, three-decker egg-beater, with portico.

One weather-boarded, full-toned, hydraulic cravat, double-breasted.

One cotton-wadded, ice-cold, low-crowned cellar-door.

One cylindrical, three-masted, inflated fine-comb, with castors.

One ready-reckoning, light-trotting, turbine stove-pipe, with velvet facings.

One folding-cased, high-heeled, invigorating, cloth, cremona saw-buck.

One Prince Albert, four-horse power, hair-matted tooth-pick.

One patent-shuttled, long-eared, gold-braided, granite slop-bucket.

One ingrained, soft-voiced, open-faced tallow candle, finely fluted.

One extra-dyed, stone-walled, linen-frilled post-hole digger.

One six-keyed, patent-ventilated, self-sealing and elegantly overskirted pick-axe.

One corn-fed, four-wheeled, gold-rimmed gimlet.

One kiln-burnt, patent-lever plug hat, with freestone foundation.

One two-edged, gothic, copper-bottomed hat-rack.

One veneered, unadulterated, easy-blowing meat-pounder, with skylight.

One marble-fountained, copper-distilled, non-commissioned flat-iron, with cellar.

One elegantly-stuccoed, three-pronged grindstone.

One easy-trotting, ivory-handled, three-ply fire-place.

But why proceed? I might continue the list until you would be forever lost in the magnitude of my inventions, which have helped so much in the amelioration of man-

kind and other people—you would not believe it, and I would not for the world fix a doubt in your minds.

My inventive genius was ever remarkable when I was a mere boy. My father used to observe that I had one of the most inventive minds of the age—I could invent more stories than any other boy of my age or appetite.

As soon as I invent perpetual motion it will add one more to the roll of my great achievements, as sure as you live; you may not think so, but it will.

Yet I am a meek, humble man, and eat victuals a good deal like other people, which you may be surprised to hear—public exhibition of the latter fact will be given at private houses on receipt of invitations.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Woman's World.

American Old Ladies.—Mental and Physical Culture.—Lifting to Develop the Muscles.—Elevating the Chest.—Rubber in the Household and Fashion World.—Fall Fashion Notes.

AN English gentleman, correspondent of a leading journal of Great Britain, says: "The old ladies of America are the most charming old ladies in the world, even more bewitching than their granddaughters." We must take this flattering assertion with some grains of allowance, yet it is true; American women do seem to understand the art of growing old gracefully. They are generally happy old ladies, and happiness is a great beautifier. They are cultivated and well educated, and of later years they have also cultivated their physique very judiciously, and a well-informed and disciplined mind, and well-preserved physical structure, make a woman happy and therefore pretty. It is a difficult thing for an Englishman to understand, but we really educate our women better, for every position and period of life, than England does. There a woman's education consists mainly of accomplishments, and a high state of physical culture; consequently in youth and womanhood she is a rarely beautiful creature, but lacking the cultivation of her highest intellectual powers, she becomes at the best a good-natured, but tiresome, fat grandmammy.

We have in the last twenty-five years made wonderful progress in the way of physical training of our women. The ingenuity of our people seems endless in the invention of calisthenic and gymnastic exercises and appliances for the same. Recently our attention has been called to an invention, peculiarly adapted to the wants of the sedentary. It is a lifting machine, ingeniously contrived to strengthen equally every muscle in the body. It is said to be wonderful in its effects on the general health, *particularly of women*. The person taking the exercise stands on the machine and lifts first fifty pounds, then half the difference between fifty pounds and their own weight, and lastly their own weight. There is an interval of five or ten minutes between each lift. This is the first day's exercise. Each succeeding day the weights are increased in the same ratio, with intervals of resting, until the person can frequently be trained to lift five hundred pounds. But three lifts a day are permitted. This simple exercise an American inventor, is said to be the best strengthener of muscle and brain power at the same time that has yet been discovered.

Another ingenious rubber contrivance, called a chest-expander, has such marked merits it has been adopted in all our public schools and placed among their gymnastic machines. Speaking of rubber, reminds us to mention several new uses to which this substance has been applied, falling within the circle of the Woman's World.

First, rubber gloves and gauntlets for the use of housekeepers and ladies who love to work in the mold of the garden. They are a perfect protection to the hands while washing dishes, sweeping, dusting, or gardening; keeping them soft and white, even though daily performing the roughest work. They cost from \$1.50 to \$2.75 per pair, but are so durable they last almost a lifetime.

Rubber-lined alpaca for ladies' water-proofs, a fabric completely impervious to water.

Rubber bustles and other air-pads or atmospheric bosoms, for giving shapeliness to an imperfect figure.

Rubber atomizers for throwing perfumes or disinfectants over a sick-room.

Rubber head-rests for traveling invalids, not pillows, and lastly, a laughable French invention, rubber cheek-plumpers, for filling out the withered and fallen cheeks of faded beauties and antiquated beaux.

Rubber and cork mingled together forms the upper surface of a new covering for floors, called *linoleum*—a misnomer, for it is not an oil-cloth. It is said to be warmer and more durable than that substance, and is admirably adapted for covering the floors of theater lobbies, church aisles, and all places where a covering is needed to deaden sound, and which can be cleansed with water like oil-cloth. It makes a beautiful and inexpensive covering for dining-room and library floors.

FALL FASHION NOTES.
 Wool satins, cashmere merino, and diagonal serge, are the most fashionable goods for early fall wear.

Beetle green, peacock brown, bronze green, and various shades of dead leaves, are the favorite colors for these materials.

The grays, drabs, stone and smoke colors, and the old favorite ashes of roses in various shades, are as popular as ever.

Basques and tunics, polonaises and jupons, and simple basques worn with jupons, flounced almost to the waist in the back, and trimmed in various styles with puff bands, and kilt plaitings in front, are all in fashion.

The "PRINCESSE PELISSE," a plain garment without loopings, and with open sleeves, is a new style of covering for fall and winter wear. It makes up beautifully in velvet, or in heavy tricot or beaver cloth trimmed with bands of plush. As it is among the accepted pattern garments, it can easily be made at home by purchasing a cheap cut paper pattern. It is a very stylish double-breasted garment, with a pocket on one side, and fastening with rich passementerie tasseled buttons, and loops down the other. Several handsome sleeveless jackets are seen among the new patterns. Among them may be named the "LUCIA," "VILLETTE," and "GRIZELLE."

The "LUCCA" train is another new garment, which is, in reality, a trained overdress, to be worn over a demi-trained japon. (We hope you all understand that a japon is nothing but an under-skirt.) All these are pattern garments.

Bonnets are worn larger, with a defined

cape in the back and prim in front. Hats will not be worn so much as bonnets, except by very young ladies.

Perfumery is used to a great extent by fashionable people; but the most delicate odors only are permitted in the world of truly well-bred society. It is usual for a lady or gentleman to adopt some particular perfume, which, in time, becomes, as it were, a part of their person.

EMILY VERDERBY.

Short Stories from History.

General Putnam.—Few men have been more remarkable than General Putnam for the acts of successful rashness to which a bold and intrepid spirit frequently prompted him.

When he was pursued by General Tyron at the head of fifteen hundred men, his only method of escape was precipitating his horse down the steep declivity of the rock called Horseneck; and as none of his pursuers dared to imitate his example, he escaped.

But an act of still more daring intrepidity was his venturing to clear, in a boat, the tremendous falls of Hudson's river. This was in the year 1756, when Putnam fought against the French and their allies, the Indians. He was accidentally, with a boat and five men, on the eastern side of the river, contiguous to these falls. His men, who were on the opposite side, informed him, by signal, that a considerable body of savages were advancing to surround him, and there was not a moment to lose. Three modes of conduct were at his option—to remain, fight, and be sacrificed; to attempt to pass to the other side, exposed to the full shot of the enemy; or to sail down the waterfalls, with almost a certainty of being overwhelmed. These were the only alternatives. Putnam did not hesitate, and jumped into his boat at the fortunate instant, for one of his companions, who was at a little distance, was a victim to the Indians. His enemies soon arrived, and discharged their muskets at the boat before he could get out of their reach. No sooner had he escaped this danger, through the rapidity of the current, but death presented itself under a more terrific form. Rocks, whose points projected above the surface of the water, large masses of timber that nearly closed the passage; absorbing gulfs, and rapid descents, for the distance of a quarter of a mile, left him no hope of escape but by a miracle. Putnam, however, placed himself at the helm, and directed it with the utmost tranquillity. His companions saw him with admiration, terror, and astonishment, avoid with the utmost address the rocks and threatening gulfs, which they, every instant, expected to devour him. He disappeared, rose again, and directing his course across the only passage which he could possibly make, he at length gained the even surface of the river that flowed at the bottom of this dreadful cascade. The Indians were no less surprised. This miracle astonished them almost as much as the sight of the first Europeans that approached the banks of the river. They considered Putnam as invulnerable, and they thought that they should offend the Great Spirit if they attempted the life of a man that was so visibly under His immediate protection.

Soon after Mr. Putnam removed to Connecticut, the wolves, then very numerous, broke into his sheepfold, and killed seven fine sheep and goats, besides wounding many lambs and kids. This havoc was committed by a she-wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had several times infested the vicinity. The young were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters, but the old one was too sagacious to come within gunshot. Upon being closely pursued, she would generally fly to the western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

This wolf at length became such an intolerable nuisance that Mr. Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbors to hunt alternately until they could destroy her. Two, by rotation, were to be constantly in pursuit. It was known that, having lost the toes of one foot by a steel trap, she made one track shorter than the other. By this peculiarity the pursuers recognized, in a light snow, the route of this destructive animal. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found she had turned back in a direct course toward Pomfret, they immediately returned, and by ten o'clock the next morning the bloodhounds had driven her into a den, about three miles from Mr. Putnam's house. The people soon collected with dogs, guns, staves, fire, and sulphur, to attack the common enemy. With these materials several unsuccessful efforts were made to force her from the den. The dogs came back badly wounded, and refused to return to the charge. The smoke of blazing straw had no effect; nor did the fumes of burnt brimstone, with which the cavern was filled, compel the wolf to quit her retirement.

Wearied with such fruitless attempts, which had been continued until ten o'clock at night, Mr. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in vain. He proposed to his negro servant to go down into the cavern and shoot the wolf, but he declined the hazardous enterprise. Then it was that Mr. Putnam, declaring that he would not have a coward in his family, and angry at the disappointment, resolved himself to destroy the ferocious beast, or perish in the attempt. His neighbors strongly remonstrated against the perilous undertaking; but he, knowing that wild animals are intimidated by fire, and having provided several slips of birch bark, the only combustible material which he could obtain that would afford light in this deep and darksome cave, prepared for his descent. Having divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and fixed a rope round his body, by which he might, at a concerted signal, be drawn from the cave, he loaded his gun with nine buckshot, and with a torch in one hand and his musket in the other, he descended into the cave. He approached the wolf, who assumed a fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, and gnashing her teeth. At length, dropping her head between her legs, she prepared to spring on him. At this critical moment he leveled his piece, and shot her in the head. Stunned with the shock, and nearly suffocated with the smoke, he immediately pushed himself drawn out of the cave. Having refreshed himself, and permitted the smoke to clear, he entered the cave a second time, when he found the wolf was dead; he took hold of her ears, and making the necessary signal, drew Mr. Putnam and the wolf both out together.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; secondly upon the excellence of MS. copy; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to the writer, and send one copy of each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. May MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

These MSS. are unavailable. Only those are returned having stamps inclosed for such return: "All about some Money;" "Saved;" "One Woman's Story;" "Which?" "Oh, Could We See," etc.; "The Ghost of Hucklebush;" "Ann Ellen's Story;" "Caged with Wolves;" "The Boy Chief's Story;" "Not a Dollar to Lend;" "A Princely Beggar;" "Buckley and so is Salt;" "Woodman, Spare that Tree;" "The Deceitful Tragedy;" "No Sir and Yes Ma'am;" "A Grave Legend;" "Bob Carter's Big Fight;" "Come early Tonight;" "Naughty Men."

We place on the accepted list the following, which will be used as occasion offers, viz.: "A Mad Adventure;" "A Rattling Good Story;" "The Adventure with a Panther;" "Admiral's Baby;" "Oh, Would I were a Girl again;" "The Lost Letter;" "Love Lesson;" "The Mountain Side;" "Old Rip;" "Tough;" "Naughty Men."

Howard L. Narcotine is a deadly poison.

CLARA B. No use for unfinished MS.

JAS. H. Will consider your proposition soon.

THOMAS. The "Wolf Demon" will be republished after awhile.

OSIE. Can not use the MS.

HUGH T. F. Wait until after election and we will answer.

MISS M. T. D. The name is real, we believe. We will remember your wish in regard to autographs, and will, perhaps, send you some, on receipt of your address.

M. A. R. Greenpoint. Use orris paste and charcoal for your teeth. A weak solution of aqua ammonia will cleanse your hair. A good soap shampooing, however, is what you need.

ARCHIE A. I. We have to say no to your MS. It is good enough, as a forest yarn, but we have a surplus of such matter. Send it elsewhere.

ELIZABETH C. Our "Woman's World" reporter answers your query about permitting gentlemen to pay your car or stage fare. A lady should politely but firmly refuse to accept such favors from gentlemen. Always be as direct as possible in saying no. Any real gentleman will all the more respect a lady for such very proper independence.

H. E. S. On being introduced to a lady, bow of course; and, if you are a very young man, bow to make your acquaintance. It is not usual, however, to so express your feelings, yet it is not at all improper. See any good book of Etiquette.—Washing the hair does not make it grow darker. Rochelle salts are used to "remove impurities of the blood," but many other medicines are better.

J. G. S. A woman at marriage takes her husband's patronym because the law so orders, and it is necessary the law should so order else confusion would follow, in society, courts and estate. Children must have their father's name, and the family name must have its representatives. If it were left for the children to choose, or if the wife's name were adopted, we would soon have chaos again. Perhaps that is what the female "reformers" want. If their vanity is hurt by taking their husband's name at marriage they shouldn't marry, but do as Lucy Stone has done—marry contrary to five with a man. That is a very convenient thing for both parties, no doubt, but a sound morality is shocked at it.

FRANK G. A coat of white varnish will prevent pencil sketches from rubbing off. The American News Co. will supply your order for photographs.

ELLEN CLARKET sends a poem called "Memory's Wall," and asks who is its author. It is by the late Cary's "Memories," under another name. "It is full of truly touching stanzas," the correspondent says, "is not this one very beautiful?"

And when the arrows of sunset
 Ledged in the tree-top bright,
 He fell, in his calm light,
 Asleep by the gates of light.

Yes, that is exquisitely expressed. No living poet now writes in Alice Cary's vein.

GEORGE G. says his dog is very sleepless, at night, and asks for a remedy. A little tincture of valerian will usually compose the nerves. So will the iodide of potassa. This remedy is prescribed by the "Science of Health," viz.: "Breathe deeply and slowly (without any straining effort) and, with every expiration, count one, two, three, etc., up to a hundred. Some persons who are restless and cannot count fifty in this manner. Others will count ten, twenty or thirty, and then forget themselves and cease counting. In such cases always commence again at once. Very few persons can count a hundred and find themselves awake; but should this happen, repeat the dose until calmness comes."

MRS. G. S. S. We have no recipe for violet ink, but may say that ink is not permanent. It soon fades, as do almost all the "colored" inks. Black is the color best to read and write by.

BEAUTY. The mode adopted by the beauties of the East to increase the length and strength of their eyelashes, is simply to clip the spit ends with a pair of scissors about once a month. We commend this to your attention, as a safe and innocent means of accomplishing your wish for long eyelashes.

WAITRESS. Do not let knives be dropped into hot water. It is a good plan to have a large tin of water, and wash them in, just high enough to wash the blades without wetting the handles.

BAXTER. The nearest bridge in the world is Trajan's bridge, near Vidin, Bulgaria, which is 10,000 feet long.

NURSE. Infants can not sleep too long; and it is a favorable symptom, when they enjoy a calm and long-continued rest, of which they should by no means be deprived, as this is the greatest support granted to them by nature.

REFORMED DRUNKARD. Statistics show that nearly 300,000 lives are annually destroyed by intemperance in the United States; and 100,000 men and women are yearly sent to prison in consequence of strong drink.

ENTHUSIAST. St. Matthew wrote his gospel in the year 30 A. D., and St. Luke, his, in the year 60 A. D.; that is, the Church authorities assume these to be the correct dates, but recent investigators seem to cast much doubt on their correctness.

PATIENT. To destroy flies in a room, take a teaspoonful of black pepper, powdered, one teaspoonful of brown sugar, and one tablespoonful of cream; mix them well together, and beat in the shells of a plate, where the flies are troublesome, and they will soon disappear.

ARCHITECT. London was founded by the Romans about the year 50 A. D.

WAITRESS. To take writing out of paper, take two drachms of solution of muriate of tin and four drachms of water. To be applied with a camel's hair brush. After the writing has disappeared, the paper should be passed through water and dried.

REFORMER. The "ram-money" of one month in New York city would build a college, equipped and endowed for \$400,000. The amount paid for liquor, in a year in the world, would build one thousand colleges, that would cost \$400,000,000; would also build one thousand libraries, of 50,000 volumes each at \$8 per volume, amounting to \$400,000,000; would build one thousand handsome churches, at \$40,000,000; would support ten thousand missionaries for years; would give \$4,500,000,000; found five hundred asylums or other charitable institutions, at \$300,000 each, whole to cost \$150,000,000; that over \$1,



DROWNED.

BY J. G. M., JR.

"Drowned in the river,"
Passers-by said,
One summer's morning,
And three months wed!
Bright eyes of women
Look down on him;
One says, "He couldn't,
Poor fellow, swim!"
Shapely and handsome,
Face firm of mold!
Can naught restore him—
Say, can not gold?
Take it, revive him!
Death be defied
For the young bride, who
Waits o'er the tide,
Fancying Future,
Dreaming such dreams;
Planning the wisest,
Motherly schemes!
Who, o'er the waters,
Waiting the news,
Would the sad mission
Willingly choose?
For tho' father, mother,
Brother will grieve,
None like the lone one
Death will bereave,
When from her dreams
Sadly she wakes,
Nursing such sorrow
As the heart breaks.

Madelon.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

SHE was a flirt. Every one admitted that. They all united in vowing her heartless, passionless, ambitious, and the very siren who ever charmed with witching looks and soft-voiced words. It is true that they anathematized her, condemned her for possessing those peculiar graces which set her in a niche apart from all other women, yet they all ended by coming under the influence, and yielding heartfelt homage to entrancing Madelon.

She pursued the even quiet of her way with no more apparent thought for the buzzing cluster of admirers in all stages of hope and despair, who scrambled and crowded each other in their endeavors to win her favor, than she had for the orange-striped, venom-tipped honey-bees that dived over the heavy sweets of the garden under her window. These men, who began with open eyes and the declaration that they would never trust their hearts to her unmerciful treatment, but let the glamour steal over by such imperceptible degrees, that they were stone blind or reckless of their own danger, waxed bitter enough, sometimes, to use the sting which was not enough to secure their immediate safety. Their tongues branded her as a coquette, while they went down upon their knees to beg a smile from her.

There was one among them all who proved himself a drone. He mingled in with the rest, but did not compete with them. He had too full a measure of strong common sense to imagine that she should care for him more than any other of all the throng. It may have been his very indifference which first made Madelon regard Roland King with keen interest.

After all, he was not so indifferent as she thought him. He was a man of acute discriminating power, of delicate tact, and of stern pride, that had carried him straight through some crooked and narrow passes in his way of life. She was a flirt. Every one said so; and he acknowledged it to himself, with an oppressive pain tugging at his heart, and some self-scorn at the very masculine weakness which had led him, open-eyed, into the trap.

Madelon glanced at him, not furtively, as another woman would have done, but with clear, searching eyes, as she stood tapping her dainty high-heeled boot with her mallet while she waited her turn on the croquet ground. He leaned against a tree, at a little distance, idly watching the game. His face was presented to her in profile—a strong, but not a handsome face; dark to swarthy; thin, long, and perfectly smooth. He turned, and the black lashes went up until his eyes flashed a single gleam of light full upon her. Those eyes were his grand redeeming feature. You had but to see them to know why women were always gracious to the dark, thin young man, whose rough-tweed suit looked odd beside the broadcloth and white waistcoats which distinguished the other gentlemen. He did not wear tweed that day, however. His suit was duckcloth, coarse at that, but cool, with a fit which more than one envied; and his eyes were a deep, clear brown, with the flash and sparkle which one sees in wine stirring their depths. They were averted instantly, but not until he had seen a smile dawn upon her lips.

"It's no wonder that men go mad about that peerless creature," was the thought in his heart; but no expression of it reflected across the quiet repose of his features.

"How unapproachable he is," thought Madelon. Then, as she passed him, she paused to say:

"My stroke will either win or lose for our side, Mr. King. The rest will go in for lunch after that, but I've been too far up in the clouds all morning to come down to such terrestrial enjoyment. I want intangible sweets rather than cold chicken and sherbet. Will you climb the mountain with me, and sketch that picturesque ravine, with a glimpse of the lake at its opening? I have wanted it for an age."

"And never told me," put in Nye, who affected the Claude Lorraine style, with but indifferent success, I am bound to add.

"I wanted to trust the matter in purely professional hands," she answered, frankly.

"Oh, a business affair? Then I am willing to be excused. Have you bargained with King?"

"Not yet." She was annoyed at Nye's officious meddling. The hot blood beat like a flame into Roland King's cheeks, but he spoke quietly.

"I think I understand what Miss Wyatt means," and named his price in the same breath. He was determined she should not patronize him, and so settled the whole proceeding as a commonplace circumstance. Madelon went, in response to impatient calls for her, and Nye turned away with a soft whistle.

"Steep," he commented, "He will make his mark and his fortune too, at that rate. I think she hardly expected that. Can she afford it, I wonder?"

That was precisely what Madelon wondered, as she sat on a boulder far up the mountain side, with King at a little distance, sketching away as though his life depended upon it. Could she afford to go

on drinking in the new delight this man had somehow brought her, perhaps to have the cup dashed away, and the flavor changed to the bitter dearth of Dead Sea apples upon her lips?

He turned, dashing his hair back from his moist forehead with the quickness of gesture which characterized his earnest moments, and caught the speculative shadows drifting over her face.

"You look tired," he said, "but I am done at last."

"So soon? What an indefatigable worker you are! No wonder you stand aloof from the idlers down there."

He would put no construction upon her words but the plainest and hardest.

"Yes, I strive to economize time; which, after all, is the great saving of a life. I have to live close in every respect, you know; but I have spent a fair portion of time on this work."

He pointed to the sun, which was half-way down its afternoon course. She laughed, with a mellow intonation.

"I must have been day-dreaming. You are not responsible for the swiftness with which the hours have passed, for you have scarcely moved or spoken; but I believe I was thinking of you."

He merely bowed, on his guard that he should betray some of the fevered excitement which had been throbbing in his pulses—a passionate longing unrest, called up at having her so near him with all the deep feeling astir, but not the faith to open his heart to her.

"Will you look at the sketch?" he asked. "You may wish some point changed."

"It is perfect," she hardly glanced at it; but he shut his portfolio with a nervous hand. He might have spared himself the tremor, for Madelon did not suspect there was a rough crayon of herself reposing side by side with the newly finished sketch.

"Shall we go back?"

She did not answer for a moment, clenching her hand, while a throe of disappointment ran through her like a discordant note in a symphony. She had not come here with the deliberate intention of making him speak; but she knew now that an unacknowledged hope had been brightening the day for her.

"I wish you would not make me feel that you are of other clay than we ordinary mortals," said she, wistfully.

"You ordinary," he broke in, for the moment moved from his calm constraint. "If I seek to remember the difference between us it is because I am cowardly enough to distrust myself."

"But I am not afraid to trust you," putting out her quiet hand to touch his arm. "Everybody acknowledges that you have extraordinary abilities, and—and—I scarcely know how to present the subject in an alluring light, but some friends of yours would like you to undertake a commission which will involve a year or two in Italy. They want the mellow finish of the old masters in this proposed work, and can fix upon no one so competent to undertake the whole tiresome business as yourself. I wish you could think of it favorably enough to accept the work."

She spoke hurriedly. With all her fine woman's instinct she blundered through this, and knew it when she saw that the sparkle in those strange eyes of his was like the glimmer of moonlight on the surface of a rippled lake. He waited to see that she was quite through, then spoke decisively.

"I thank you for your kind interest, Miss Wyatt, cloak it as you will. My wish has long tallied with the more of your proposition, and I have been working steadily toward my object. I have accumulated funds quite sufficient to carry me through Italy, and intend to start in another month."

"So soon!" cried Madelon. "Oh, I know papa was meaning to have you paint my portrait. I suppose it will be impossible now."

For one second his pulses thrilled with wild rapture. To have this radiant creature all to himself for so many hours every day, to dwell upon her lines of perfect contour, to note her delicate coloring, her varying shades and moods, would be heaven while it should last. It would not last, and he felt that he could not master himself in the face of such temptation.

"Utterly impossible," he answered, and they went down the winding track, side by side, without another word upon the subject. In one place where the path skirted a ravine, there had been a landslide, and the shelving rocks stood bare and grim forth from the perpendicular descent.

The words of a song he had sung came up through her troubled mind, and, pausing dangerously near the edge, she sang a fragment softly:

"A sudden flash of golden hair,
Shot out athwart the heavy air,
The mute white lips moved pitiously—
My love was lost to earth and me."

The burden of the poem which he had fitted to a melody of two proud hearts, loving each other, but tortured by uncertainties, until the girl flung herself over a precipice, and her lover came out of his blind distrust to mourn her untill death.

King's arm fell about her waist in a tense clasp as he drew her back, and when she was safe away from her perilous position, did not relax. Her eyes met his with passionate reproach and her hot lips quivered apart.

"Why is there not some such love in life? It would be almost worth dying for to prove it, for even one short moment."

Was this the coldly-brilliant girl they had called heartless, passionless? He did not stop to ask himself as his head drooped lower over her until his lips swooped down to meet hers, while an ecstatic wave swept away for the time the mist of misunderstanding, which was like a cloud between them. There is some happiness too deep for words, and too entrancingly sweet to remain unbroken. It would seem that theirs was of this kind.

They went the remainder of their way wordless, but with a sympathetic bond thrilling the blissful silence. The vine-covered porch was quite deserted, and they lingered there to take breath before facing the crowd they must encounter somewhere within. Their joy was like exhilarating wine to these spirits, so strong and self-reliant, but stirred to their depths like the upheaving of a resistless tempest.

While they waited, Nye's voice came from somewhere near, sounding stormily defiant.

"We are all fools alike, I suppose. I am determined to know the best or the worst—and, of course, it will be the worst. It's needless to tell me that, for what else can I expect. They say that she was the cause of Vernon shooting himself, and when the wound didn't prove fatal for all his worry-

ing, he rushed away to the further corners of the globe to kill remembrances of her. But, for all that, I'm madly in love with Madelon Wyatt, and I'll put it in her hands this very night to decide my fate."

King turned to her, his face grown suddenly gray and hard, his eyes glittering. "Vernon was once my dearest friend," said he. "I heard the story before, and thought I was proof against you. Yet I forgot it all; I grew to love you. Madelon, you asked me why love strong as death can not exist! It is because we are tortured by such doubts as this. Can you clear your skirts of the imputation Vernon's misery points at?"

She did not attempt to avert her face, stormy with suppressed passion.

"The boon I hoped to win was a pure love—not one that distrusts and questions."

She swept away from him, with a haughty seal set upon her paling face, but the resolution she made there in her anger was not subjected to trial through an attempt at reconciliation by him.

"Ye gods! Where did you fall from, Vernon? We thought you were in Egypt."

King, pacing the deck of a Hudson steamer, turned at this hearty exclamation from Nye, to face his friend of yore, hearty, sun-browned, and happy-looking as man need hope to be. Warm greetings and multitudinous questionings were broken by Nye exclaiming:

"Vernon, old fellow, have you got quite over that old *penchant* of yours? Because if you haven't, beautiful Madelon is Miss Wyatt still, and there are those who think she is wearing the willow for a cast-off love."

Vernon colored, and laughed pleasantly. "No fear, I think. I hoped you had all forgotten that boyish madness of mine. Since my head has grown cooler, I can see that Madelon never encouraged my folly. Oblige me by letting that story rest; you see, Mrs. Vernon mightn't like it."

His wound was no deeper than that—he was married and happy as he would have been with Madelon.

King clenched his teeth in a desperate grip, and set to work to bridge the break his distrust had caused. The trip to Italy was long deferred, but it was a wedding trip when it came about at last; and now Roland King declares that the inspiration which has led him straight up the path of success all comes through his wife Madelon.

The Wronged Heiress: OR, The Vultures of New York.

A WEIRD ROMANCE OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY RETT WINWOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE SPECTER," "WHO WAS SHE?" "RAFFLED; OR, THE DERENHAM PROPERTY," "THE DANGEROUS WOMAN," "TWO LOVES," "MIRIAM REVERDY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER X. NEW QUARTERS.

MABEL TREVOR was conducted to an apartment at the back of the house by Old Het.

A sputtering tallow candle stood on a small table near the door, and threw a faint, uncertain light around, but wholly failed to penetrate the more remote recesses of the room.

The light was amply sufficient, however, to reveal to Mabel the fact that she was in a long dormitory where several beds were ranged on either side against the walls.

Some of the beds were already occupied, for the sound of heavy breathing—proceeding from different quarters—came distinctly to the ears of the startled girl.

Old Het led the way to one corner, where stood a couch by itself.

"Here is your dressing-room and parlor, all in one," she said, with a sort of grim humor. "Make the most of 'em, for you'll get no better while under this roof."

Then, without vouchsafing another word, she took up the candle and hastily quitted the apartment.

Mabel stood in the darkness, scarcely daring to breathe. Her pulses throbbed madly, and an icy chill of fear struck upon her heart. What sort of creatures had she for companions? It was impossible to tell in the profound gloom that now reigned everywhere.

She felt her strength giving way under the accumulated horrors of her situation. Her limbs trembled under her, and she was compelled to throw herself on the couch, or fall to the floor as she stood.

Hiding her face in the pillow, she lay very quiet, save the convulsive shiverings that every now and then shook her frame.

Two or three hours must have elapsed when the room door was again opened, and several dark forms filed past her in the darkness.

Nobody approached her own couch, however. She heard the subdued chatter of girlish voices, as they made their preparations to retire; and presently all was still, save the heavy sighs of the sleepers.

Worn out with fear and wonder and the excitement of her present situation, Mabel, too, after a futile struggle to keep her eyes open, sunk into a heavy sleep.

When she awoke, morning had dawned, and a feeble light was seeking to penetrate to the interior of the room through the tattered shades that covered the three side windows of the dormitory.

At least a dozen girls were fluttering about in the room, engaged in making a hasty toilet. They were of various ages, but nearly all of them looked worn, weary and hollow-eyed.

Mabel raised her head from the pillow and watched them with dilating eyes. She had never seen so motley an assemblage of her own sex, and was filled with wonder and amazement.

The girls returned her gaze with interest, but nobody ventured to speak to her or approach the couch where she was lying. As fast as their toilets were completed they left the dormitory.

At last only a single girl remained—a bright-eyed brunette, apparently of about sixteen years of age. She, too, was about to leave the apartment, but the appealing look which Mabel gave her arrested her footsteps, and she slowly drew nearer.

"I'm sure you wish to speak to me," she said, in a low unkind tone of voice.

Mabel eagerly grasped her hand. "Where am I?" she whispered.

"Don't you know?"

"No."

The girl looked very much surprised.

"Were you brought here against your wishes?" she asked.

"Why should I be here?"

"Many girls come of their own free will," was the dry response.

"What sort of place am I in? What are all those girls who slept here?"

"Ballet-dancers."

Mabel fixed an incredulous look upon her companion's face, but soon saw that she had spoken in all seriousness.

"How strange," she murmured. "Why should I be detained among them?"

"I don't know, unless you, too, are going to be a dancer."

"No, no, no."

"Bless me if I can understand the case any better than you understand it yourself," was the half-insolent rejoinder. "Old Het only takes in girls who are to dance at one or the other of the theaters. Did you never dance?"

"Never."

"You'll find it ain't the easiest work in the world to learn, then. Handsome Hal wouldn't be hard on us girls if Old Het would let him alone. The old viper is soft on Hal, you must know, and won't permit any show of tenderness on his part."

Mabel remembered enough of the conversation of the previous evening to know who was meant by Het and Handsome Hal.

"What is your name?" she asked, abruptly.

"Julia."

"Julia; is there nothing more?"

The girl flushed to the very temples.

"That is enough," she answered. "It is better to dishonor one name than two."

Mabel understood her, and was silent for a few minutes. But she pressed Julia's hand with a warmth that brought tears into the bright, dark eyes. She could pity the poor sinner, for she realized something of the grinding poverty and destitution that must have dragged her so very low.

"Listen," said Mabel, presently. "I have been brought here by wicked men. I do not know their object in detaining me in such a place. But I feel that it will be ruin and moral death to remain. For the love of Heaven, help me to escape!"

Tears ran over her white cheeks. Convulsive sobs shook her frame. She seemed almost beside herself with grief.

"I pity you," said Julia. "I am sure you are innocent and good. You have spoken pleasantly to a poor wail like myself, and I will help you if I can."

At this instant footsteps were heard to approach the door.

"Hush!" whispered Julia, lifting a warning finger. "It is Old Het. She must not see us together."

She darted to the other end of the apartment just as the door opened, and the hag crossed the threshold.

Het glanced sharply around. She detected the traces of tears on Mabel's cheeks, and saw that Julia looked more than usually flushed. With her wonted shrewdness, she immediately guessed the cause.

"Leave the room," she said, angrily, addressing the latter.

Julia hurried out, for she dared not disobey the woman tyrant.

Old Het then stalked up to the couch on which Mabel was lying, her countenance still inflamed with anger.

"Ho, ho," she shrieked. "You've been tellin' some pitiful story or other to that hussy, have ye? Been tryin' to 'list her sympathies, eh?"

Mabel was too thoroughly frightened to answer.

"Dumb, be ye, or obstinate? It doesn't matter very much which of the two it may be. But I warn you of one thing—while you are here you'd better keep a close tongue in your head! Do you understand that?"

"Yes," said Mabel, faintly.

"I'm glad to hear it," and she showed her tusk-like teeth in a malicious grin. "If you think to ride rough in this ere shanty of mine, you're mighty mistaken. And I won't have no nonsense, as I said afore. If you go to talkin' soft to the gals, and raisin' a row generally, you'll repent on it; I declare you will."

Mabel raised herself to a sitting posture, a faint flash of anger coming into her violet eyes.

"You would not dare to harm me," she cried.

"Wouldn't, eh?" shrieked the beldame. "Wouldn't? Try me if you dare! Yours wouldn't be the first white shoulders that have felt the whip. Ha, ha! I warn you to keep a close watch over yourself, my lady."

A slight moan fell from the poor girl's lips.

"I think we've come to somethin' like an understandin'," grinned Old Het. "You are to make no mention whatever of who brought you here, or that you ain't here of your own accord. In short, you are to make as little conversation as is possible with the gals. On them terms I lets you alone—and I don't let you alone on any other!"

She shut her lips so sharply together and looked so fierce, and cruel, and determined as she said this, that Mabel had not the slightest idea of resisting her.

"I submit," she faltered.

"You'd better. Now get up and dress yourself. I'm goin' to take you in to breakfast."

Mabel slowly rose, when Het discovered that she had not removed her dress at all the night before.

"Hum. Is that the way you're goin' to manage?" she mumbled. "Well, do things your own way. Nobody cares. Now come along."

A few minutes later, Mabel found herself seated at a meagerly-furnished table in company with the same pale-faced girls who had occupied the dormitory with her.

CHAPTER XI. GILBERT BELMONT.

WHEN, in obedience to her mother's command, Marcia Denvil had darted into the garden for the purpose of overtaking Philip Jocelyn, she ran on breathlessly in the darkness, trusting in chance to direct her footsteps.

She could see nothing, hear nothing that might, by any possibility, serve as a guide. She only knew the direction the young man had taken at the outset. He might have deviated from it more than once. If so, it was a hopeless task to seek to overtake him before he had made the discovery Mrs. Laudersdale feared he would make.

Marcia could only guess at the nature of that discovery. There was some young girl in the grounds whom her mother, for certain reasons, did not wish Philip to see, or

even to know positively of her presence there.

She, Marcia, was to prevent him from testing the matter to his own conviction.

But, of the results involved, she had scarcely an idea.

Instead of taking a short cut across the garden, as Philip had done, she followed the turnings of the path she had selected.

After some intricate windings, it finally brought her to the gate leading into the lane.

As she approached the gate, she heard the rumble of a carriage that was being driven rapidly away, down the lane.

For an instant she stood as if transfixed with surprise.

"All this is very mysterious," she muttered. "I'm at a loss what to think or do. How do I know but that Philip himself is in that carriage?"

She had scarcely given utterance to these words when a heavy hand was dropped suddenly upon her shoulder.

"Well met," said a low musical voice.

She turned with a start, and a half-suppressed cry of surprise. A man stood beside her, in the darkness.

"Is it you, Mr. Jocelyn?" she asked.

"No," was answered; "it is not Mr. Jocelyn."

The voice had a familiar sound. Her heart gave a great bound as she took cognizance of this fact. She vainly sought to penetrate the darkness sufficiently to distinguish his features.

"Who are you?" she said, in an impatient tone.

The man laughed.

"Is your memory so treacherous, then?" he asked. "Do you not remember me, Miss Denvil?"

"Gilbert Belmont!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Gilbert Belmont. I knew you at once, Marcia. I had no need to ask your name."

The accents were full of reproach. Marcia blushed, though conscious that no eye could witness her confusion, for the surrounding gloom.

A word of explanation, just here. Marcia had met Gilbert Belmont at several fashionable parties of late, having made his acquaintance at a *bal masque* the previous winter.

Of the man's ancestry, she knew nothing whatever; nor could any of her fashionable friends afford her any light on the subject. It was, without doubt, a subject that would not admit of too close an investigation.

He had managed to slide into "good society" in some one of those mysterious ways in which many resolute but unprincipled adventurers accomplish the same object.

He always dressed in unexceptionable taste, and appeared to be very wealthy. But the manner in which this wealth had been acquired—if, indeed, it was not a myth and a delusion—was among the things occult and hidden from Dame Grundy's prying eyes.

From the first, he had attached himself to Marcia's suit, and was one of her most ardent admirers.

The girl herself was not indifferent to Belmont's handsome face and free-and-easy manners. But his position in society was of far too precarious a nature for the ambitious beauty to encourage his attentions.

She preferred to make her future certain by marrying Philip Jocelyn, of whom she was reasonably fond.

However, this unexpected encounter with Gilbert Belmont confused her not a little. She was thankful that the friendly shades of night concealed her embarrassment.

"How could I expect to meet you here?" she said, in reply to Belmont's reproachful speech.

"Why not?" he asked.

"It is so far from the city. Besides, you never come to Woodlawn."

"You forbade me to call on you."

"True."

"But," he went on, pressing her hand warmly, "I could not keep utterly away from your vicinity. Some subtle fascination has drawn me here, over and over again. If I could not rest under the same roof that sheltered you, Marcia,

"My dear Marcia," he said, after a minute's silence, "it was none of my business. I do not approve of meddling in another man's affairs."

The cool audacity of this reply secretly pleased Marcia. She recognized a kindred spirit in the man beside her—kindred in evil.

After lingering a few moments longer, she turned to retrace her steps to the house, conscious that she could do no good by remaining.

Belmont walked beside her. The two had nearly reached the east terrace when a dusky figure darted out of the shadow of some shrubbery and approached swiftly.

It was Mrs. Lauredsdale. She had followed the others into the garden as soon as her strength would permit.

"You have brought Mr. Jocelyn back with you, Marcia," she said, in a feverishly hurried tone of voice. "I am glad of that."

In the darkness she had mistaken Belmont for Philip. "Not so," returned Marcia. "This is Mr. Belmont, mamma."

A low cry fell from the frightened woman's lips. "Where is Philip?" she gasped. "Not with—"

She could say no more. Marcia leaned over her and told her what had happened in a few whispered words. She drew a deep breath of relief. Philip could scarcely overtake the carriage in which Mabel was being driven away, and if he did not, no very serious results were to be apprehended from the unfortunate meeting.

Calming her agitation, the guilty woman now had leisure to be curious concerning Marcia's companion. She very cleverly managed to lead the two across the lawn to a point fronting the drawing-room windows, where the light of the lamps within streamed full upon them.

By this aid she studied the face of Gilbert Belmont.

It was a dark, keen face, sensuous and passionate, and yet full of a certain subtle power. He was very elegant in his appearance, and the glance of his bold, black eye was piercing as that of a hawk.

His silk hat was in the highest possible state of polish. Real diamonds—as Mrs. Lauredsdale felt assured, even in that uncertain light—sparkled in his shirt front and on his effeminate white hands.

While looking at him a shiver—a cold chill of indefinable dread—ran through every nerve of the wicked woman. She felt, somehow, as if his destiny always had been, and always would be, linked with her own in some mysterious manner.

"That man will bear studying," she said to herself, as she went slowly into the house. "I must manage to learn more of him, and at once. There is something about him that half-frightens me."

CHAPTER XII.

OLD HET TRIES HER POWER.

THREE or four days elapsed, and beyond the mere fact of being detained against her will in Old Het's establishment, Mabel Trevor suffered no ill-treatment whatever.

The dancing-girls, with the single exception of Julia, fought shy of her. None of them understood the real circumstances under which she had been brought to that place, and, with the singular uncharitableness which women are wont to exercise toward their own sex, they placed the worst possible construction on her presence there.

On the whole, Mabel was not sorry for this. It saved her from being made the victim of idle questionings and vulgar curiosity.

Handsome Hal, for his own part, lost no opportunity of speaking a pleasant word to the poor girl. Her pretty face interested and attracted him. Had she been old and ugly—unless possessed of power like the shriveled mistress of the house—he would not have noticed her in any manner. But, since she was young and pretty, he determined, in spite of Bill's warning, to play the gallant gentleman.

One person, at least, was not slow to read his purpose. And that person was Old Het. But, with the cunning of a serpent, the jealous hag kept the rage and fury she really felt hidden in her own breast during the first few days. However, the spite she had all along entertained for Mabel grew and strengthened every hour, and with the mean cowardice of an ignoble mind, she secretly determined that the hapless girl should be made to suffer for having won so high a place in Handsome Hal's good graces.

She was not long in hitting upon a means of gratifying her malicious hatred. She determined that Mabel should be put through the same exercises as the other girls, knowing well how revolting any thing of the sort must be to her finer feelings.

"Miles said as how she might be taught to dance," the hag muttered to herself, with a chuckle of satisfaction, when she came to this decision; "and I'm bound to run to the end of my rope with the hussy."

Hitherto, Mabel had been locked into a small side-chamber by herself while the practicing went on. The very next morning, instead of being led thither, as usual, she was conducted back to the dormitory by Old Het.

"It's high time you were making yourself useful, my pink and white lily," she said, crossly. "I've put up with your lazy, vagabond ways quite long enough."

"What can I do?" asked poor Mabel.

"You'll see soon enough—yes, you'll see."

The grin that accompanied these words was actually diabolical.

And Mabel did "see," for she and Old Het had scarcely established themselves at one end of the dormitory before the ballet girls came fling into the apartment.

Their first work was to drag all the couches into one corner, where they were heaped up promiscuously, leaving the middle of the floor perfectly clear.

Then, from a small closet, was brought forth wands and poles, besides various other paraphernalia to be used in the hour of practice.

"Form!" shrieked Old Het, at this instant, in a voice that might have startled the dead into life.

The girls instantly whirled into a line, Julia taking her place at their head.

They had scarcely done this when Handsome Hal—or Monsieur Deville, as he was called on the flaming posters of the theater where he "tripped the light, fantastic toe"—entered the apartment.

He nodded familiarly to Old Het, favored Mabel with a bow and an execrating smile, then devoted himself to his pupils.

The old woman watched the evolutions of the girls with an appreciative eye for some moments; but presently her face be-

gan to darken, and she turned suddenly to Mabel, saying, in a half-whisper:

"Now it is *your* turn."

The girl shuddered, but answered nothing.

"Patty!" Old Het went on, addressing a pale-faced girl of about ten years of age, who was standing near, "bring me a string and the ball."

Patty seemed to comprehend the order very readily, for she hastened for the things required.

When they were brought, the virago shook Mabel rather roughly by the shoulder. "Now stand behind that board, my lady, with your back against the wall," she commanded.

The girl looked piteously at her persecutor, but did not stir.

"Do you hear?" roared the hag.

"Why am I to stand there?" Mabel asked, faintly.

"I ain't here to answer questions. Get behind o' the board, I tell you! Don't you dare to resist me!"

At this instant Julia, who had kept her eye on the two all along, came sidling up to our heroine.

"Better do as she bids you," she whispered, hurriedly. "It's of no use to hold out."

Mabel, with a faint moan, crept between the board and the wall.

"Now I'll mark time," grinned the virago, as she took the ball, to which the string had been attached, in her hand.

"You are to bob up and down as I drop the ball. Ready. One curtsy, two cur-

sey, three cursey."

This exercise, as the reader may know, is to give suppleness to the limbs, and, in professional phrase, is termed "turning the leg."

But Mabel did not know that it was not some degrading exhibition the female fury had invented for her especial disgrace. In consequence, she never stirred.

"You hussy!" shrieked Old Het, "why don't you keep time?"

"I can't do what you wish," said Mabel.

"You mean that you won't, eh?"

There was no reply. The eyes of the tigress flashed fire. All the venomous hatred she felt for the girl made itself visible in her filmy depths. She shook her clenched fist in Mabel's face.

"Well, see you sulky vixen, whether you or I is the mistress in this 'ere house," she hissed, venomously.

She stalked to the closet door, and came back with a whip in her hand. Having forced Mabel to her knees, she raised the whip over her head.

"Don't strike me! For the love of Heaven, do not strike me, implored the helpless girl.

"I'd like to kill you," roared Old Het.

The lash cut through the air, and descended with cruel force upon Mabel's ivory shoulders.

A single shrill scream issued from her lips; but it brought Handsome Hal dashing up from the other end of the apartment.

"Hang it, woman, what do you mean?" he yelled, wrenching the whip from Old Het's hand ere it could descend a second time.

"The vixen is stubborn," was the muttered answer. "Stand out o' the way. I won't have no meddlin' between me and my own gals!"

She fairly foamed with fury, but Hal's vise-like grip on her arm did not relax.

"You shan't lay a finger on that girl!" he cried. "You know me, Old Het, and I say you shan't! Compose yourself, you she-devil, or it may be the worse for you."

Such words coming from Handsome Hal quieted her as nothing else could have done. In a certain way she feared him; or, rather, perhaps, she feared to lose his favor. But there was no diminution of hatred and vindictive fury in the look she fixed upon poor Mabel's shrinking figure.

"I can't stand the hussy's nonsense," she muttered. "It ought to be beat out o' her. Let me go at her again."

"But I say no!"

At that she threw down the whip. "I can't resist you, my Apollo," she whimpered, pretending to have experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling. "What you tell me to do that I do. If you were to tell me to turn every identical gal into the street I'd do it. For your sake that whimperin' beauty shall go scot free for to-day."

"Thank you," said Hal, coolly.

Mabel was crouching on the floor. Obeying the glance Hal gave her, Julia now came forward and raised her to her feet.

"You'd better be off while that old Jeebel is in the mood to let you go," the dancing-girl whispered.

Mabel moved toward the door of the side-chamber she had occupied on other occasions, supported by Julia. "Does—does—that creature often use the whip?" she asked, shuddering violently.

"Not often. But she is out of humor to-day."

"Would that I were out of this terrible place!"

Julia pressed her hand. "Don't give up all hope, Miss," she said, just above her breath. "Something may be done even yet."

Old Het, meanwhile, was trying to re-establish herself in Handsome Hal's good graces. Her singular infatuation for the good-looking scamp would not permit her to suffer matters to go on as they were.

"I'm sorry for what happened, my beauty," she whined. "But the jade vexed me past all endurance. There was no bearing with her."

"Humph!"

The woman laid both her huge hands on his shoulders, and looked him steadily in the face.

"Hal," she said, sharply, "you're gettin' uncommon fond o' that gal. Don't you s'pose I can see it? You're half in love with her!"

He gave a sniff of disdain.

"It's no such thing," he muttered. "But I can't bear to see her abused. That's the long and the short of the whole matter."

Het was far from being convinced that this was the case, however. But Hal hurried back to his task of instructing the girls in the last new sensation of the boards, and so the conversation ended.

If he thinks I'm done with that vixen, he's mistaken," the virago said to herself, the instant Hal's back was turned. "I was a fool for bringin' her under this roof, and wish she was well away from it, providin' the money would be mine all the same. But I'll take her down a peg or two—now see if I don't!"

The threat was not uttered aloud; but the infamous creature intended to put it into execution all the same.

That night, after the last of the ballet-

girls had returned from the theater, and while poor Mabel lay sobbing, as if her heart would break, in her little bed in the dormitory, a warm breath suddenly fanned her cheek, and two loving arms encircled her neck.

"Hush!" whispered a scarcely audible voice. "It is I—Julia. Don't make a loud noise. I've come to help you."

"What can you do?" asked Mabel.

"There's a key to the dormitory. You know Old Het locks us in every night. Take it. Wait an hour or two longer, until the girls are all asleep, and then let yourself out with it."

Mabel felt some cold object thrust into her hand. "Where did you get the key?" she asked.

Old Het has two. I stole this one from her box in the bedroom while she was at supper. Now, not a word more. You know the way down stairs. The key of the street door hangs on a peg in the hall."

"God bless you," murmured Mabel. "Why will you not go away with me?"

"I can't. I've no place to go to. Besides Old Het treats me well enough. I bring her in a good deal of money, you see. But she mustn't know that I helped you. Good-by."

Julia crept away in the darkness without uttering another word.

Alternately sobbing and praying, Mabel waited until the hour was at an end. Then she softly left her bed and approached the door. The key turned noiselessly in the lock. The knob yielded to her touch, and, in another instant, she was on the landing without.

She groped her way to the ruinous staircase, and tried the topmost step.

It creaked sharply under her tread.

At the same instant a sudden gleam of light flashed over her from an open doorway near at hand.

(To be continued—continued in No. 180.)

That "Dolly Varden."

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"I TELL you what it is, Essa, I couldn't be persuaded to marry such a girl. Why, it'd take a fortune to dress her."

Lu Carlington crossed his feet—he wore No. 6 boots, and handsomely made—puffed blue smoke-wreaths from his brown mustache, and looked attentively after Florence Greenwood as she walked down the street.

"Well," and this time it was a sweet, though indignant, girlish voice, "I'm very sure, Mr. Louis Carlington, that Flo Greenwood couldn't be persuaded into marrying you, either. As if she dressed extravagantly—Lu Carlington, you spend more on cigars and hot-house flowers than would clothe any girl."

A pair of defiant blue eyes, and a sunny face, very like his own, was looking in Mr. Carlington's looking so eager and withal so pretty in its flushed glory, that the gentleman was constrained to remove his cigar, uncross, lazily, his feet, and smile.

"You are Miss Greenwood's champion, stanch and true, eh, Essa? I forgot that, or I should have spared your indignation. So you think Miss Flo is as unrepentable as I am? Do you happen to know it, on good authority?"

Lu was half-laughing at Essa; but, then, the thought struck such mischief in his handsome eyes that no one knew when he was in earnest.

Now, pretty, defiant Essa shot him a glance that would have annihilated him had he been a lover, instead of that horrid animal—a brother.

"As if I am bound to tell you what Flo says or thinks about you, Mr. Conceit. I can tell you one thing, though; she admires Rolfe Warrenton more than any gentleman we know here."

But Miss Essa Carlington did not finish her sentence. An interruption, named Rolfe Warrenton, prevented.

"Talk of his Satanic majesty, you know," he said, gayly, as he came in a tall, stylish fellow, with a tawny mustache and Burnside whiskers; a gentleman that most women would have admired on acquaintance, and decidedly liked as a friend.

Lu Carlington looked at him as he sauntered carelessly, gracefully, in, bowing so courteously to Essa, and shaking hands so cheerily with himself. Lu looked at Rolfe Warrenton, and suddenly realized, for the first time, the full force of his sister's remark—that Rolfe Warrenton had found favor in Flo Greenwood's sight.

Well, what of it? According to his own passed word, not ten minutes old, he would not marry Florence Greenwood for all the world; consequently he ought not to be in love with her. But was he? And for all answer, there came before his eyes a vision, glowing and radiant, piquant and charming, that was very like Florence Greenwood as she passed him so lately; a vision that engendered a thought akin to jealousy of that handsome fellow talking to Essa, whose eyes were demurely downcast, whose cheeks were a blush like a rose-hued morning-glory.

So pretty, winking Flo liked Rolfe Warrenton, did she?

And Lu Carlington sprang from his chair, dashed away his cigar, with more vim than had ever before been witnessed in him on any occasion, and started down street.

Essa laughed as she caught a glimpse of him through the window, and turned to Mr. Warrenton.

"Miss Greenwood went that way a few minutes ago."

A delightful apartment it was, with its dusky red wall-paper, where tiny golden lanterns were scattered at irregular intervals; glowing red silken curtains, toned down to a delicious shade by the white lace draperies; a darkly elegant Moquet carpet of shaded reds and different hues of white—yellow, creamy, opaline.

And on a gay, damask lounge Florence Greenwood and Essa Carlington were sitting, laughing and talking, as only free, merry-hearted girls can talk.

"I declare, Essa, I feel almost guilty in lending myself to such a scheme. What will your brother think, if ever he finds it out? Besides," and Florence laughed jollyly, "I look so dowdy in this horrid thing."

She pointed to a pile of marvelously gay muslin that lay heaped on the floor.

"Nonsense! Come, select the most ridiculous one, and let's make it right away. A regular fashion-book 'Dolly Varden,' you know, even if the material only costs fifteen cents a yard. I'm determined to give Lu one lesson."

Essa vigorously tumbled over the rain-

bow-tinted muslins with her nimble fingers, and then held one breadth up.

"There, isn't that what Lu and Rolfe would call a 'stunner'? There's a peacock, with spread feathers, a vase of autumn flowers, a bouquet, tied with orange ribbon, and a groundwork supposed to resemble clouds at sunset, I suppose."

Her eyes were snapping with mischief; but Florence's cheeks were flushed hotly.

"Essa, I never can wear such a thing! Oh, I can't—what will Lu say?"

"What'll he say? Be convinced at last that it isn't the cheap fashions he fancies that we should become us women-folks, if we only were courageous enough to wear them. He will be glad to acknowledge our taste superior to his—and when he sees you in that 'Dolly Varden' I'll warrant he'll beg you to exchange it for—well, maybe an engagement ring."

Then Flo's cheeks grew hotter and redder.

"I feel ashamed to think of it, even. Oh, Essa, indeed—"

"Indeed, you have nothing to say about it. Here, I am going to fit this pattern to you."

"Florence Greenwood is coming to tea. I thought you might like to know."

Essa Carlington spoke very unconcernedly as Lu sauntered through the half-darkened parlor.

"Is she? Heavens, Essa, what have you been doing to yourself?"

He stopped abruptly in front of her; the surprised question on his lips.

"Why, nothing. What's the matter?"

Essa glanced innocently up from her "SATURDAY JOURNAL."

"The matter! Why, that heathenish-looking dress you have on—like those old-fashioned bed curtains of grandma Moulton's."

"Heathenish! I really think, Louis, you are more expressive than elegant. My beautiful Dolly Varden heathenish—oh—h—"

There was the most genuine indignation in her voice, as she looked at him.

He opened his mouth in amazement.

"So that's what you call a 'Dolly Varden' is it? Well, Essa, I beg of you take it off, and I'll buy you any kind of a dress you want. Such fearful taste! I warrant Miss Greenwood would not so insult all rules of taste."

And just then Florence walked in, Dolly Varden and all.

"Oh, Flo, I'm so glad you're here to take my part. What do you think that horrible brother of mine says?"

Flo shot him the sweetest glance.

"I could not guess, I'm sure."

"He thinks my elegant new Dolly Varden is heathenish—heathenish, Flo, and you know it's all the style, and so cheap, too, and so very economical, as I can wear it over all my skirts. I suppose, Mr. Carlington, you consider Flo's Dolly Varden heathenish, too?"

It was astonishing how Essa carried her own; it was amusing to see the look of utter incredulity on Lu's face as he scanned the two gaudy garments. Then, when Essa so vehemently insisted upon the "cheapness" and "style" of their attire, a merry little twinkle came to his eyes.

"Essa, in the library, on the table, is the last number of your magazine. Will you bring it? I want Miss Greenwood to see it."

And discreet Essa very accommodatingly complied with Lu's request.

Then, the moment the door closed on Essa, he walked straight over to Flo, and imprisoned both her hands in his.

"Look in my eyes, Flo, will you? I was a fool, and I think you know it. But now, with my sole happiness literally in my hands, I am not such an idiot as to let it go. Flo, my dearest one, you understand me? You will love me, and let me love you?"

She hesitated a second, then glanced gayly up.

"Dolly Varden and all?"

"Dolly Varden and all," he repeated, and stooped and kissed her.

Double-Death:

OR, THE SPY QUEEN OF WYOMING.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER.

(LAUNCE POYNTE.)

AUTHOR OF "THE RED RIFLES," "THE KNIGHT OF SHADOWS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

GENERAL ARNOLD.

THE commander of the Continental forces at Philadelphia was limping up and down his room, the old wound in his leg rendering his walk uneven and stiff. He held in his hand a letter, which he had been reading, whose contents appeared to have excited him to an angry flush on his brow, and he muttered, as he walked:

"The ungrateful hounds! After all I've done for them, to be treated thus! Not another man in the country would stand it, and they shall rue the day they drove me to the wall at last. Charges, indeed! Now, with their pestilent charges, I shall have no peace, I suppose, till a court of inquiry is ordered, to investigate my conduct, mine, who saved them from annihilation and gave them victory, at the time when their Washington was being driven from pillar to post, from Brandywine to Germantown. Who would serve a republic? The vile mob that is swayed to and fro with every breath will give me no peace till I leave them. Who's there?"

A knock at the door interrupted his soliloquy.

"Come in," he said, and at the same time he thrust the letter into the bosom of his vest, and faced to the door, a dark, stern, but rather handsome man, near forty. The door opened, and a young officer made his appearance at the threshold, with his hand raised to his hat in the military salute.

"Come to report, sir," he said, simply.

The sight of him appeared to drive all the disagreeable thoughts from the mind of the commander, and to overwhelm him with astonishment.

"My God, Mr. Barbour!" he ejaculated; "they reported you dead! Where have you sprung from? Where have you been these months? Why, you left in August, and now it is December!"

"I have been a prisoner, General," said Everard. "I was taken at Wyoming, up in a tree, by a lot of savages, who bestowed me there till I could not load fast enough for them; and they carried me off to the Genesee valley, and kept me a prisoner there till

a few weeks ago, when I made my escape."

"But, what were you doing at Wyoming?" asked the General, sharply. "Why did you not return here when you had taken your news to the Commander-in-chief, sir?"

Everard hesitated.

"I had General Washington's orders, sir."

"And what did he detach one of my staff officers for?" asked the General, angrily. "Haven't he enough of his own to send off?"

"I asked leave to go, sir," said Everard, quietly.

"Oh! you asked leave to go, did you

he dared not, could not, speak. The same honor that held him faithful to his parole in Sheshequin must seal his lips as to her actions, no matter what they were, for he had promised her that.

He stood at the window, thoughtfully gazing down the stately avenue of elms, when a splendid carriage, drawn by four black horses, drove up to the door and halted in the shade of the trees.

"Whose carriage is that, sergeant?" he asked.

"The General's, sir."

Everard started. The General's carriage! And he knew him to be poor, comparatively speaking. How could he keep such an expensive equipage, far richer than that of the Commander-in-Chief?

He had no time to think much, however, for he heard the halting gait of his superior on the stairs, and hastened out to help him down. They entered the carriage, and were driven rapidly into Arch street, and thence up toward the very house in which Everard had first seen Charlotte Lacy.

As they went along, the boy noticed that many black looks came from the people on the sidewalks, directed toward them, and in one place Everard heard a faint hiss. The General heard it too, and a furious flush crossed his stern face, as he turned his eyes, glaring savagely, on the man who had given utterance to it.

"The low-bred curs!" he ground out from between his teeth, with fierce emphasis. "Who would serve a republic, Everard?"

The lad felt as angry as his commander, for he sympathized with him devotedly.

"Never mind the fellow, General," he said, soothingly. "You can afford to despise fellows like him. The good men of this country love and respect you."

"The good men? Where are they? Not in Congress, where they denied me my just rank, till I forced it from them by deeds even my enemies could not deny. Bah! Let it go, Everard. I'll try to forget these crawling reptiles. Here we are at our destination."

Everard looked up. He was before the Lacy House. He would be obliged to enter it as a stranger, and disclaim all past knowledge of its owner. But would his father be there?—and if so, how should he treat him?

Before he could solve the difficulty, the servant had knocked at the door, and Everard found himself helping his commander up the steps of the same house where he had first been so sorely tempted from his duty to Marian by the blue eyes of Charlotte Lacy.

The door was opened as he was still troubling his head about his course, and the servant ushered them in, bowing low before the stately figure of the General.

While the door was still open, Everard heard a derisive yell from the street behind him, and the sound of a loud, coarse voice shouting:

"Curse all Tories!"

He cast a quick glance behind him, and caught sight of a peddler, with his pack on his back, standing on the sidewalk, pointing jeeringly at him. The next moment the footman slammed the door vindictively, and the General, pretending not to notice anything, stumped up-stairs, and preceded Everard into the magnificent saloon, where he had first met Charlotte.

It looked just the same as ever, but instead of Miss Lacy alone, there was quite a bevy of beautiful young ladies, all of whom advanced to greet the General as if he were an old friend.

Everard waited modestly to be introduced. He had not seen Charlotte since he left her in the Glen of Sheshequin, but she had reached Philadelphia before him. He was curious to see how she would behave.

In a few moments the General presented him, with much kindness, saying:

"Young ladies, this is my favorite aide-de-camp, Mr. Barbour, my gallant young friend. He has just returned from the tender mercies of your red friends who burnt Wyoming, having escaped from them unhurt, as you see; how, I never inquired. Miss Lacy, will you not take him into your friendship for my sake?"

"For your sake I would do much," replied the sweet voice of Miss Lacy. "I think, however, we can welcome a gay young gentleman like him, for his own Mr. Barbour, my dear friend, Miss Maggie Shippen, whom you have doubtless heard of at head-quarters."

Everard bowed low before a dark, stately young beauty, whom he knew as the promised bride of his General. Charlotte Lacy's manner was perfectly unconscious, as if she had never seen him before, but exceedingly cordial. He was presented in turn to the other young ladies, whose names he recognized as belonging to well-known Tory families in all cases. The conversation at once became general, and political.

Everard found himself in the midst of a violent Tory faction, and heard the patriots and their commander held up to unparagoned ridicule by all, while his General made but feeble efforts to defend them, contenting himself with laughing at the sallies of wit.

The young officer felt uncomfortable and unhappy. He tried to speak, and was met by so many adversaries that he was driven to silence. It was Charlotte Lacy herself who came to his rescue, saying:

"Girls, girls, you forget that Mr. Barbour is not used to our jokes, like the General, who pretends to side with us, only to draw us out. You'll find yourselves all arrested some fine morning, by this same General, and you may want an intercessor. Positively I'm going to carry off Mr. Barbour, he looks so uncomfortable, and you can all talk treason together then. Come, Mr. Barbour, let us take a walk to the greenhouse, and leave them."

The response was a shower of raillery from her friends, for a "turning rebel lover," but she only laughed in answer, and carried off Everard in triumph.

"Everard," she said, in a low tone, when they were in the conservatory and out of hearing of the gay group in the parlor, "you should not have come here."

"I could not help it," he said. "The General ordered me. Oh, Miss Lacy, what does it mean, these ladies talking treason in this manner? I can understand his listening to it, for he doubtless wishes to draw out intelligence from your side, to help our cause; but they will surely repent their temerity some day."

"Perhaps," she said, with an enigmatic smile. "You think that your General is the soul of honor, Everard?"

"Of course," he answered. "Have not I seen him in the field? I should not be with him if I believed he consented to this treason in earnest."

"You are right," she said; "you should not. Everard, you have kept faith with me, and I have tried you sorely. I will not seek to draw you into dishonor. Return to your quarters now. I will make your excuses. You must not be drawn into the atmosphere that surrounds them. I will not allow it."

"Miss Lacy," said Everard, imploringly: "you are so beautiful and powerful that you can do anything. I know that you must be trying to draw the General into treason. Promise me that you will leave him alone, if you have any regard for me. He has many enemies here. He can not afford to have his name mixed up in Tory plots."

She smiled faintly in answer.

"You are wrong, Everard. I have not sought to entrap him. He—but never mind—you ought not to be here, dear. We must find a way to send you away before long. Leave it to me. Go now, and when you hear me spoken of, Everard, remember that I left you free when you asked me, and saved you when you were in my power. Farewell."

She motioned him away when she finished, and the young officer left the house by the back gate of the garden, in obedience to her gesture directing him there.

When he came out in Race street, on which it opened, he saw the same peddler who had been so offensive at the front door, sitting under the shelter of a fence, sunning himself. The street was almost a country lane in those days, and there was no one else in sight.

To his surprise the peddler rose and came toward him as he started for his quarters, following him with clamorous petitions to buy.

"You get no custom from me," said Everard, indignantly. Did you not insult my commander and myself not twenty minutes ago? Begone, sirrah, if you don't want a taste of this cane!"

"Who cares for your cane, anyhow?" said the peddler, squaring himself defiantly in front of Everard. "You're nothing but a Tory, anyway, for all your fine uniform. Don't I know who lives in that house? You and your General ought to be turned out, for associating with a pack of Tory jades like Mag Shippen and Lot Lacy."

With an angry exclamation, Everard rushed at the insolent one, his cane uplifted. It fell from his grasp, unused, as he heard the voice of his own father from the disguise, saying:

"That'll do, Everard. We've played this farce long enough. We're both in the same boat now."

CHAPTER XXII.

SPIES IN CAMP.

"What do you mean," asked Everard, the next moment, "by being in the same boat, sir? I am no Tory."

"Bah! tell that to the marines," said his father, scornfully. "No more am I, for that matter. Don't I cry 'down with all Tories!' as well as the best patriot of them all? It suits my purpose better, sir; and so do you, as you are. I tell you what, Everard, you might make a pile of money, if you only knew how to do it. And I can show you the way, sir. It's only to find out a few things about your General, and I'll promise you good pay for it, better than you'll get as a beggarly continental."

"Be kind enough to cease, sir," said Everard, coldly. "I have no desire to turn spy. It is enough to have you in that capacity. Let me pass home."

"Spy, sir! How dare you call me any such name? Can not a man belong to the secret service of his majesty without being called a spy? You were not too proud to accept the spy's money, at all events. I see your appearance is improved since you found such a pleasant home in the Glen of Madame Montour, with the Spy Queen."

Everard started. How could his father have known this?

"Ay," said John Barbour; "you forget who I am, boy. Not a step do you take, but is recorded, and there's enough evidence now to cashier you, if it were brought to Washington's ears. You'll soon have the name of traitor, and you may as well get the pay of it."

"Sir," said Everard, pale with anger, "let me pass, or I shall forget what is due to you, and use force."

"What a fool you are," said Barbour, with a sneer, unheeding his words, "to let the prize escape from your very grasp! Why, boy, you might have married Miss Lacy and been a rich man ere this, if you had chosen. The very servants could see that she was infatuated with you. And you must needs be engaged to that low-bred baggage, Moll Neilson. Bah! you're a fool, and deserve what you'll get."

Here Everard, beside himself with vexation, brushed past his father, and started for his quarters. All in vain. The indefatigable old man stuck to him and followed him, talking all the way.

"Yes. Deserve what you'll soon get. Do you think Madame Montour is the woman to let her adopted daughter be carried away without getting her again? She's been captured and brought back, fool. Ay, and she has found consolation for your loss in the arms of Black Eagle. These girls are romantic, and Black Eagle's a handsome fellow. Moll Neilson might do worse than become a chief's wife—hey, sir?"

Everard involuntarily stopped when he heard these words. They touched him in a tender spot. He turned round and faced his father.

"What do you mean, sir?" he said. "Do you think to fool me with a tale like that, when I know Marian is home at her father's by this time?"

John Barbour laughed.

"Aht, then, you did not know why Queen Esther left the village, did you? Your friend Murphy wasn't sharp enough to find it out, neither. Oh! I know all about it, Everard. You may as well stop trying to fool your father, sir. I tell you she is married to Black Eagle. The fool demanded the services of a priest, and Queen Esther sent for one from Niagara, on purpose to satisfy her. You don't believe it. You'll find it true, full soon."

And John Barbour turned away, having said all he wished to. But this time it was Everard who followed him. He was pale with excitement.

"Sir," he said, half-gasping in his eagerness, "prove what you have said, and I'll believe you, but not without. No, sir, not without."

"Oh! it needs no proof," said his father, carelessly. "You'll find it true, when you go home, thinking to claim a blushing bride. I can't waste time on a fellow like you, who let's a queen fish slip to hook a minnow, and loses the very minnow. Good-day, sir."

And John Barbour stalked off, forgetting for the nonce his assumed character of the peddler. Everard stood hesitating a moment, and then turned and made his way to his quarters, with drooping head. Was this true, could it be true? His father, evidently belonging to the spy corps which controlled the tribes of the Genesee valley, and of the power of the female chief of that corps he had seen the proofs. John Barbour knew all about his connection with her, and might not this news be brought to him true also? Everard had been brought up to think his father an honorable man, at all events till the war had broken out.

In a state of mind full of gloom and despondency, he walked slowly back to head-quarters, went up to his room, and locked himself in. Had all his faith and honor, clinging to his engagement when so sorely tempted by the beautiful siren, been repaid by this news? Marian married, and to an Indian! Had she been dead, he could have borne it, and mourned for her as one worthy; but the fact of a marriage under a priest signified consent on her part, and the shuddering repugnance with which an alliance with an Indian was looked on by the patriots, since the atrocities of Wyoming, could hardly be overestimated.

"False, perjured wretch!" groaned Everard. "But, no, it can't be true! I will apply for leave at once. I will write to General Washington. No, no, no, what is it to him? I can not do anything!"

He remained in his room, buried in miserable, anxious thought, for near an hour, when he heard the General's carriage draw up outside, and the step of the commander on the stairs.

"I will go to him," said the unhappy boy, to himself. "I will tell him the story, and beg him for leave of absence. I can go to Albany and back in three weeks at most, if I travel neat."

He waited until he heard his General enter his room, when he repaired thither, to find the latter changing his uniform for a handsome civilian's dress, for a dinner party at Judge Shippen's.

"Aha! Everard," said the chief, laughing; "so these little Tories at the Lacy House frightened you away, did they? You'll get used to that sort of thing; my lad, and learn to laugh at it, as I do. It's not half so bad as the pestilent Whiggery of those hounds that hiss me in the streets for doing a disagreeable duty. But what's the matter, Barbour?"

He noticed the pale and excited manner of his aide-de-camp for the first time, as he came nearer the lamp, for it was now dark.

"General, I'll tell you," said poor Everard. "You were quartered at Mr. Neilson's house, near Stillwater, and therefore you know her."

And then out came the story of having heard the news of Marian's marriage, and of all the boy's misery. The General asked no questions about whence the information came. He listened attentively and not kindly to the story, and at the conclusion said, gravely:

"Lad, it is true. You need not go to see."

"But how do you know, General?" asked Everard, doubting.

"I have it from the best authority," said the General, slowly, "a spy of ours, who has just returned from the Indian country, and seen the bride fast. You need not doubt it, for I know it. You can not have the leave, Mr. Barbour, because it would be useless and would prejudice the public service. I'm sorry for you, lad, but remember, there are plenty of other women left. Here, I'm going out this evening, come with me."

"Pardon me, General," said Everard, sadly; "unless you order it, I do not wish to go. I have received a blow, and need occupation and work to direct my mind to-night, that's all."

"Very good," said the General, kindly. "Take these papers into your room, then, and copy them. That will give you something to do. Here they are. Two reports of the garrison and district, and this letter to General Washington. Have them ready by eleven o'clock."

Everard took the papers, bowed low and retired. For the first time in their acquaintance he doubted his commander's word. How was it that so many men knew of this terrible thing, already, when he had only just heard of it? One thing was plain, however, that he could not hope to get his leave of absence, and could only write to the Neilsons, and wait a reply in the course of weeks.

He slowly went to his room, sat down, wrote a letter, and dispatched it by an orderly to the post-office. Then he took hold of his reports, and set resolutely to work to copy them out fairly.

For some time he hardly understood what he was doing, writing on mechanically, reports of independent companies and batteries, long catalogues of different kinds of accoutrements on hand, and so forth.

At last, however, he finished the first report, and took up the second. To his surprise, he found it to be a long and tabulated return of the whole Continental forces, with all the places where each regiment was stationed, and the effective force of each.

"What business has the military governor of Philadelphia with this?" said Everard to himself. "This is no use to send to Washington. It must be a mistake."

He examined it carefully over again, and found it as he had said. He turned to the letter that was to accompany it, and found that he had only one of the reports that should have been copied. The second was an account of expenditures in the post command, and was not to be found.

"I'll go and look for it," thought Everard.

The novelty of the work had taken off his attention from his own troubles somewhat, and he rose up and was going to carry back the wrong report, when his eye was caught by something written in red ink on the back, as he folded it up.

A close inspection revealed the words:

"To be forwarded to Sir H. C. by schooner Regina."

The handwriting was that of his General. Everard started, and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead. Sir H. C. could be none other than Sir Henry Clinton, the British Governor of New York, and his General was in correspondence with the enemy!

To say that Everard was astounded is not

too much. The rumors and hints he had heard before had passed uncredited, but this sudden proof, right under his own eyes, utterly overwhelmed him.

"Where is faith left now," he half groaned to himself, "when Marian is false, and my General corresponds with the enemy?"

And then the thought came over him, was his General really a traitor, or was he only in correspondence with some of his own spies, to find out what he could about the British? Was not this elaborate report possibly an erroneous one, on purpose to mislead Clinton?

Doubting and fearing, Everard yet had coolness enough to determine on knowing more, and he remembered that he had yet an hour and a half in which to work before the General came in.

Without any more delay he took a candle and passed into the commander's room, unnoticed by anybody. The regulations of the household were exceedingly lax, and when the master was absent the servants were not to be found anywhere on duty. He could hear them laughing away in the kitchen, and so was quite free to work.

He entered the room, a large old-fashioned apartment, like all in that house, with a cheerful wood-fire burning in the broad, low fire-place. In the middle of the room was a large table, strewn with papers and books, a mass of letters, a foot high, lying in one place. It was one of his General's characteristics to leave every thing on that table, and nobody dared disturb its arrangement.

Everard set down his candlestick, and hastily examined the papers that lay on the table. There was a heap of complimentary letters from different ladies, reports and letters from subordinates, and what surprised him most, a number of bills, portentous in amount, many of them, not one of which seemed to have been paid. So far, however, there was nothing treasonable, and Everard began to feel ashamed of himself for prying into his General's private affairs, when a letter, in a large and rather pointed hand, attracted his attention.

It was signed JOHN ANDERSON.

The letter seemed to be from a mercantile man, proposing that certain business transactions should be carried through, by which a great quantity of money might be made for himself and his friend.

Everard did not know what to make of this. Apparently it was quite innocent on its face, but there was a certain undercurrent of meaning that he could not quite understand.

He stood with the letter in his hand, reflecting, when he heard the street door opened and softly shut, while some one was ascending the stairs. Hastily concealing the report in his bosom, he turned and left the room, only to be encountered on the top step of the stairs by his General himself.

For one minute Everard faltered. Then he boldly faced his superior.

The General looked at him fixedly for several minutes.

"So, sir," he said, at last, "you have finished your work?"

His tone was that of cold inquiry, but his eyes glared like tigers' eyes.

"Not quite, General," said Everard.

"Then why are you here, sir?" demanded his chief, sternly.

"You gave me a wrong report, General," said Everard. "I discovered the error, and came to look for the right one."

"So?" said the General, and there was a word of sarcastic meaning in the single word.

"Yes, sir, and I think you will own," said Everard, "that a tabulated report of the Continental armies, addressed to Sir Henry Clinton, by schooner Regina, was not the report you meant me to copy."

The General turned deadly pale all over his dark face, out of which his black eyes glared with fearful intensity.

He held out his hand.

"Give me the report," he hissed, rather than said. "Where do you find any such words?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

BREAKING ARREST.

EVERARD hesitated. He did not like to delay compliance, and yet he might be parting with the only proof in his power that he was justified in prying into his General's affairs.

The dark General noticed his hesitation.

"Well, sir," he said, imperiously, "do you mean to obey orders, or would you like to look through my papers a little more? Give me the report."

Everard held out his hand involuntarily, with the letter he had just been reading, and which he had unconsciously retained possession of all the time. It produced a sudden effect on the General.

He turned paler, if possible, than before, and clutched savagely at the letter, which he shook menacingly in Everard's face, too furious, at the moment, for speech.

"How dare you?" he hissed out, at last; "how dare you pry among my papers, sir? What have you been doing in here? What business had you in here? Where's that report you spoke of, sir?"

Everard slowly drew it out, and his commander snatched it from him, glanced at it hastily, and broke out into a sneering laugh.

"So, my young spy! you would join my enemies to defame me, on evidence like this. Why, fool that you are, this is a false report, sent me by Washington himself for Sir Henry Clinton, on purpose to deceive him. If you had detained that, you might have prevented a glorious victory for us. Let this be a lesson to you, boy, to keep your fingers out of my business, or they may get burnt. Go to your quarters, under arrest."

He ended in the harsh, quick tones of the superior officer greatly angered.

Everard bowed and turned away, sick at heart, wretched, uncertain whether he was right or wrong, certain of one thing, however, that his military career was likely to be blasted prematurely, in the heat of his General's anger. And he had nothing now on which to found his suspicions; on the contrary, there was every thing to prove that he had wronged his commander, and if so, he deserved to be cashiered for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

He reached his room and sat down in gloomy silence, pondering over the successive blows he had received that day. What could he do to undo the mischief now afoot?

The answer seemed simple and irresistible.

He sat there buried in thought till he heard the town clock strike twelve. At the last stroke an orderly entered the room with a folded paper, which he delivered to Everard, and then stalked out.

The lad opened it, and found a document in the handwriting of his General, with the ominous heading:

"CHARGES AND SPECIFICATIONS." The General must be in bitter earnest, and determined to destroy him.

The charges were short—two in number. No. 1 covered that broad and convenient ground, "Conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," and specified the finding of Everard, engaged in opening letters addressed to his commanding officer. It was enough to send him out of the service with disgrace, if supported.

No. 2 was still worse.

It was nothing less than desertion to the enemy, and the witness was said to be Timothy Murphy of Morgan's rangers; the time and place being specified, in which the bold scout had taken his abrupt leave of Everard.

The lad started up in his seat in astonishment. How in Heaven's name was this possible? Had Murphy got back already, and had he really given such a color to his refusal to escape when on parole?

He strode rapidly up and down the room, cursing the restraint of etiquette that placed him there, as if in a prison, from which he could not escape, except by breaking arrest.

At last, as he had almost resolved to do something desperate, a tap came at the door, and a man entered, in whom he started to recognize his own father. John Barbour was plainly dressed in a dark riding-dress, with high boots, and wore a large cloak hanging from his shoulders. He came up close to his son, and whispered:

"I know all about it, Everard. Damme, sir, I'm your father after all, and I can't see you mixed up with that villain any longer. You must escape, sir."

"I can not," returned Everard. "I am under arrest, and if I break it, 'twill be like breaking parole, not to be pardoned."

"Boy," said John Barbour, "do you think I don't know this General of yours by heart, when I have corresponded with him, and negotiated his business for six months? He has resolved to crush you to save himself, and he's found an Irish fellow, whose evidence will cashier you, if it doesn't shoot you, beyond a doubt. If you stay, you are ruined. Come with me, and you're safe."

"But oh! father, where can I go now?" groaned Everard, quite unheeded.

"To the Commander-in-chief," said Barbour. "He will give you justice on the truth of your case. Come with me, and we will be there in three days."

Everard hesitated no more. Without consideration he left the room with his father, and the arrest was broken.

In a few minutes they were in the street, Everard carrying his valise in his hand, hurrying down to the river.

(To be continued—Commenced on No. 127.)

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THE SHIP UPON THE SAND.

BY LAUNCE POYNTE.

In childhood's days, in childhood's days,
When birds were mating on the trees,
When loving minstrels trilled the lays,
That floated on the summer breeze,
When nature woke from winter's rest,
And swallows crossed the heaving deep
To see once more the dear old nest,
My roving heart did pant and leap
To roam abroad and see those lands
The swallows fled to when the snow
And frost had bound our fields in bands;
And then, with little cousin Flo,
I dreamed a dream of roaming free,
Of sailing on the salt, salt sea;
And little Flo, in our last talk,
Drew, pictured on the garden walk,
A ship upon the sand.

The time came on when I was gone,
To sail upon the swelling wave,
When under the Equator's sun
I saw a sailor's ocean grave—
When, rising from the scorching south,
A cloud no bigger than a hand,
And blasta, as from a furnace mouth,
Showed that we neared the typhoon land—
When frightened gulls were driven fast
By tempests, and we knew not whether
Our gallant ship would stand the blast
That whistled over like a feather.
I never yet forgot that talk
When we sat hand in hand,
And Flo drew on the garden walk
That ship upon the sand.

In storm and tempest still that face
Floated before me like a dream!
My little maiden's childish grace
Danced in each wavy sunset beam.
I heard her voice in crowded streets,
I saw her eyes in every star.
The doves on Eastern minarets
Coiled with her voice, away so far!
Wherever fortune bore our bark,
I found my lot, or bright or dark,
My heart's maiden forever hers,
Beneath old England's cliffs of chalk.
The language of my native land
Recalled me to my happy talk,
And, pictured on the garden walk,
The ship upon the sand.

The years pass by. How quick they fly!
How slow they crawled when we were young!
We sailed for home. How glad was I
To see that home that I had flung
Away in haste, and longed for now!
As hunted deer for war-dogs I
Once more upon the harbor bow,
That well-remembered coast-line bursts.
The pilot's hall, the cheery call,
That tells the crew of land and sea,
The scent of new-mown clover, all
Speaks nothing but my home to me.
And oh! I mind so well that talk
When, two hand in hand,
She drew upon the garden walk
The ship upon the sand.

Once more I see the old elm tree
That shades the cottage of my birth:
Once more I tread so reverently
That dear, familiar spot of earth.
A maiden in the pride of youth
Comes tripping down the path alone;
Those eyes that speak of love and truth
Are cousin Flo's, a woman grown!
The wife that on my deck shall stand
When we are driving from the land,
To voyage far to India's strand,
And England's cliffs of chalk,
Is little Flo, whose tiny hand
Once drew the pictured ship of sand
Upon the garden walk.

Mohenesto:

Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.

BY HENRY M. AVERY.

(MAJOR MAX MARTINEY.)

VI.—First Shot at an Indian.—Hare Indians.
—Cold Weather.—Hungry Times.—Pawnee
Nose.—Horse Meat.—Comforting a Mourner.
—Deer Hunting.—"Good Injun Ma."—How it
Feels to be Scalped.—A Scalp-dance.—Cheyenne
Eloquence.—An Original Temperance Lecture.
—A Pint of Whisky.—The Profits on a Barrel
of Fire-Water.—Cause of Indian Wars.—Indian
Civil Customs.

SOME of my readers will undoubtedly be surprised, and perhaps call me a cruel monster for speaking of the Indians who have been so unfortunate as to have made themselves a target for my skill; but they will please bear in mind that "circumstances alter cases."

My first shot at an Indian was made under circumstances which would have vexed a better-natured man than myself. It was in the country of the Hare Indians, to the northeast of Great Slave Lake. It had been snowing almost incessantly for nearly two weeks, finally clearing off, giving place to the most bitter cold weather I ever experienced. I had plenty of wood and was in no particular danger of freezing so long as I kept my fire blazing; though, as I afterward learned, over a hundred Indians, principally squaws and children, froze to death during this cold snap. To add to the uncomfortableness of the situation, my stock of horse-meat had run out, and I awoke one morning without a morsel to eat. I stood it very well that day, but the following morning I began to feel a little gaunt about the belt. I always noticed that the less a man had to eat, the more hungry he became; and have heard housekeepers say that they never knew the bread to go so fast as when the fire barrel was nearly empty.

In speaking of horse-meat, I do not wish the reader to infer that it was my staple article of diet. It was furnished by the Company, and I soon grew to like it; but to a man not accustomed to this kind of meat, it would not be likely to prove a very tempting dinner. But let him feel the pangs of hunger, and his ideas of what is nice and proper to eat will undergo a rapid change. In relating some of my own experience, I have heard my friends remark that they would starve to death before they would eat any of the different articles of food in which I have often indulged. I know that there are no more fastidious people in the world than there were in my New England home, and none more fastidious than myself before I went out into the world; but the trappers of the Far West who wander thousands of miles over barren plains, where game could not exist, are compelled to submit to all kinds of vicissitudes; but with buoyant spirits they conquer results which a faint heart and yielding courage would behold almost in their grasp, but fail to reach. An emergency may call forth all his skill, and in a wild and unexplored country where every living thing suddenly disappears, it is then that the wits of the trapper save his life when an ordinary traveler would lie down and die. At this time it is difficult for me to imagine the transition from one of the most aristocratic boards in Portland, to roast skunk in the wilderness of the North-west. Such, nevertheless, has been my fortune.

I dressed myself as warmly as possible, donned my snow-shoes, and taking my gun, started out for something to eat. I had not gone more than four rods before my nose was frozen stiff. As quickly as possible I returned to my fire, and until the next morning nursed my frozen nose. I had drawn the frost by a liberal application of

snow, but it did not keep it from assuming a shape neither Grecian nor Roman.

Fortunately the weather moderated, and when I again started out, it was with no fears of freezing. Not far from the hut I met two Indians, brothers, who were coming to me for meat, and hungry-looking fellows they were, too; but I did not pity them very much, as they were proverbially lazy, and had only themselves to provide for. I told them I had none, and advised them to hunt for themselves awhile and not be begging. At that time snow-shoes were a novelty to me, and I could not make very good speed. However, I struck into the woods, knowing that I must depend upon my own exertions for something to eat. After I had gone nearly a mile without seeing any living thing, I started up a fine buck. I shot at him, but an intervening twig must have turned my bullet, for I only succeeded in wounding him. I started in pursuit of him, loading as I went, and could see by the blood on the snow that he was bleeding freely. He ran obliquely to the left instead of going straight from me, so that for a few minutes I gained on him; besides the soft snow took him to the body at every jump.

Imagine my surprise to see one of the Indians I had met, come out of the woods not twenty yards behind the deer, and raising his gun, fired at it. He, too, hit the deer, but did not bring him down, and loading as he ran, he kept after the deer. I called to him to stop, but he paid no attention to my call, and kept on running. Again he went close to the deer, and shot, and again I called to him to stop; but calling did no good, so I resolved to stop him. I intended to wound him in the leg, and never thought of killing him, but at the moment I fired he made a slip, and while recovering his position the ball hit him in the side, and he dropped. I soon secured the deer, and returning to the Indian, found him stone dead. I did not feel very sorry, for I knew that had he killed the deer, he was both hungry and desperate enough to have shot me rather than divide; so I left him there, and, shouldering my game, returned to my lodge.

Returning, I met the brother of the Indian I had shot, and told him what I had

done. There was a wicked gleam in his eye for a moment, but his bereavement was cured when I gave him half of the deer. He never tried to avenge the death of his brother, though I expected he would the first opportunity. He did not even think enough of him to bury him, but let him lay where he fell; before morning the wolves had saved his relative all trouble in regard to the funeral obsequies.

The second Indian was a Sioux, during the massacre in Minnesota. In company with five others, we had been in pursuit of eighteen or twenty Sioux, and had just come up to them in a belt of timber through which ran a small stream, and for quite a while it was a little uncertain which party would get the best of the bargain. But our superior guns and skill gave us the ascendancy, and at last the party was routed. I took after one big fellow, and was about to shoot him, when, in running, my foot caught in a grape-vine, and I fell to the ground. As I was rising, a hatchet came whizzing past, just grazing my face. Again I started after him, when, in attempting to jump the stream, he missed his foothold on the opposite bank and slid back into the water. I had my gun raised, when he turned, and holding up both hands, exclaimed, "Don't shoot; me good Injun!"

In this case I might have taken him prisoner, and saved his life, but just then I was not in need of any prisoners, besides I was too mad, so I merely said, "Yes, I know, you're a sweet Indian, you are," and blazed away. Poor devil! he had not time for even a death-song.

For the first time I tried my hand at scalping; not because I particularly desired his "top-knot," but to see how easy it could be done, and also because I knew that an Indian looked upon it in the light of a disgrace not to scalp a brave enemy.

The favorite manner of hunting deer in the Western forests is still-hunting. This is precisely what the English call "stalking," and means going out alone to do battle against the monarch of the forest; to set man's knowledge and skill against the instinct of the deer. You walk slowly and quietly along through the woods, like a ghost, leaving no sound of your footfall; your eyes glance constantly round; sometimes for five minutes you stand still in the shadow of a big tree-trunk, to the color of which your dress corresponds so nearly that, when not in motion, you are invisible. The object of all this spirit-like gliding is that you may get sight of the deer before he sees you. It is a question of precedence. If the deer sees you first, and his eyes are quick, he quietly slips off, and you must glide after another. If you get the first sight—and it is astonishing to what a pitch of accuracy the eye may be educated—you stand still, and, like cowardly England,

wait the progress of events. If the deer comes straight toward you, of course the game is your own, if you can keep still till he gets within shot. But if, as is most probable, he takes another course, you must fly from tree to tree, and from cover to cover, with the quickness and invisibility of an owl or an Indian, till you get within shot, when your rifle must do the rest. A man needs nothing but a rifle, and a good pair of legs and eyes, the latter especially.

It may possibly be asked whether or not a man who has simply lost his scalp can recover. In reply I can safely say that, without any other wound, and under favorable circumstances, with good care the sufferer stands a chance of being restored to health.

The size of the scalp, as usually taken off by the Indians, varies. Sometimes they remove only the back covering of the head. At others they cut off the whole, running down even with the margin of the ear. When a man has died in a manner which the Indians style as "brave"—that is, desperately fighting for his life, and never once showing fear—they take two scalps, one from either side of the head. The object of this is to have scalp-dances for each, as they consider such a man deserving the fate of two ordinary men. These scalps are often stretched, dried, decorated, and frequently kept for years as trophies. The more scalps a warrior takes the greater favorite he becomes with his tribe; and, finally, having obtained a given number, he is eligible to fill the office of War Chief, provided he has other qualifications, such as the power of quickly conceiving the right plan on which to act in case of emergency.

When a party of Indians in the Rocky Mountains have been on a war-trail, met the enemy and vanquished them, they appoint a brave who is honored as being the scalp-bearer. This warrior carries a long pole, to which, at suitable distances from each other, the scalps are attached. When the party returns to and enters their own village, this brave is the observed of all observers. Eagerly, by the old men, women, and children, these bloody trophies are counted, for each of them offers an occasion for rejoicing, to be at separate intervals of

the disputed question by fighting. After preparing for the combat, Porcupine Bear said:

"Cheyennes, look at me, and listen well to my words. I am now about to fight my brother: I shall fight him, and shall kill him if I can. In doing this, I do not fight my brother, but I fight the greatest enemy of my people. Once we were a great and powerful nation; our hearts were proud, and our arms were strong. But a few winters ago all other tribes feared us; now the Pawnees dare to cross our hunting-grounds, and kill our buffalo. Once we could beat the Crows, and unaided, destroy their villages; now we call other villages to our assistance, and we can not defend ourselves from the assaults of the enemy. How is this, Cheyennes? The Crows drink no whisky. The earnings of their hunters and toils of their women are bartered to the white man for arms and ammunition. This keeps them powerful and dreaded by their enemies. We kill buffalo by the thousand; our women's hands are sore with dressing robes; and what do we part with them to the white trader for? We pay them for the white man's fire-water, which turns our brains upside down, which makes our hearts black, and renders our arms weak. It takes away our warriors' skill, and makes them shoot wrong in battle. Our enemies, who drink no whisky, when they shoot, always kill their foe. We have no ammunition to encounter our foes, and we have become as dogs, who have nothing but their teeth. Our prairies were once covered with horses as the trees are covered with leaves. Where are they now? Ask the Crows, who drink no whisky. When we are all drunk, they come and take them from before our eyes; our legs are helpless, and we can not follow them. We are only fearful to our women, who take up their children and conceal themselves among the rocks, and in the forest, for we are wolves in our lodges; we growl at them like bears when they are famishing. Our children are now sick, and our women are weak with watching. Let us not scare them away from our lodges, with their sick children in their arms. The Great Spirit will be offended at it. I

Some tramp hundreds of miles, in the worst of weather, to procure a keg full of the fire-water so delicious to them. Without whisky they are unhappy, and with it they are dangerously savage. If possible, they would be drunk months at a time—and in all probability until death terminated their existence entirely, if the liquor held out to the end.

I give herewith a recipe for making what is known as frontier whisky, hoping, however, that my readers will not all enter into the manufacture of it. Into an ordinary barrel of thirty-two gallons capacity place at least a bushel of rank "black twist" tobacco, three or four gallons of bad whisky, a quantity of raw vitriol, with river water sufficient to fill the cask. Its effect is to produce an inflammatory corrosion of the intestines and organs of digestion; and, upon the principle that the hair of a dog will cure its bite, they are obliged to wet it down with the same.

When it is known that the traders are often the partners, if not the servants of the Indian agents, is it any wonder that the Indians no longer respect a Government which sends out such agents to the Indian country? Because an Indian has not a white skin, it is no evidence that he is a fool. When he finds his robes all gone; the labor of his women for months thrown away; his people nothing to show for their late wealth, and their wants still unsupplied; then he sits down and indulges in a little serious reflection. These reflections are very apt to make him cross and ugly, and he usually repairs to the trader to seek redress for his grievances. The trader, of course, gets on his dignity; tells the Indian he made a fair trade, and must put up with the consequences, and generally ends by ordering him away. Angered by this unkindness cut of all, in his disappointment and vexation the Indian sounds the war-whistle, his warriors rush to him, and an assault is made upon the trading post; and in many instances the trader gets just what he deserves—killed and scalped. It is no wonder that the Indian retaliates; what white man would not?

Such a thing as a mob is never known among the Indians. If an Indian has another mounted behind him, no one attempts to molest the stranger, even though he be of another tribe, and an inveterate enemy; the supposition is that he has taken him prisoner, and is conducting him to headquarters. While thus placed, the Indian having him in charge is responsible for his safekeeping with his life; if he fails to protect him, himself and all his relations are forever disgraced; an outrage upon the part of the custodian. Prisoners are always safe while in custody in the village; the responsibility then rests with the chief. This is Indian morals.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 129.)

Beat Time's Notes.

Last night was the darkest night you ever saw; in truth it was so dark you couldn't see it at all. You couldn't find the gas lamps. I got lost and had to hunt around half an hour to find myself. If you were out in the darkness for a minute, you would get black. It was so dark that I couldn't tell how old I was, nor feel the nose on my face, and it was entirely too dark to talk—no one had any need to be told to keep dark. The owls and bats went round begging people to direct them to where they lodged, although they wore extra night-glasses, and Time was at a stand because it had lost the road.

I WILL give a year's scholarship in the State Reform School for the biggest lie that will be sent to me before Christmas next. It must be strong enough to blister at the touch, over sixteen feet square, and slick enough to go down most people's throats. I want something of the most imposing architectural proportions. No auctioneers need apply. Whatever you do, do your best. I don't think there are enough Wash Georgingtons running about now-days with their little hatchets to interfere materially with this enterprise.

I HUNT with a gun which was made according to Gunter. It has two rain barrels, patent telegraph stock, carpenter's hammer, front-door locks, and a breach that was made in Port Sumner. I load it with face-powder and white lead balls, and use per-cussion fur caps. It has a regular patent office report and brings every thing down in the woods—to see what is the matter. It is a long range gun—it ranges a long way from the mark.

I WAS educated in all the high branches, hydraulics, hyfalutin, hypocriety, etc. I filled myself with philosophy and fibrets; dived into meteorology and sarsaparilla; studied oratory and animosity, and eccent city, aristocracy and superfluity, including the higher branches of peach, birch and hickory; and when I left school the master said no scholar was as full as I was—indeed he said I was the biggest full he ever saw.

THE barber that shaved me last, once shaved a dead man; the dead man raised up deliberately, and said, "My friend, won't you please shave me with the back of the razor? I can't stand that," and laid down again, dead as ever.

I HAVE a very vivid imagination. Sometimes I imagine that all my debts are paid and never know any better—or any worse—until my creditors take the unnecessary trouble of bringing the fact to my mind.

You should never tell a lie. If I did such a thing I'd almost be ashamed of myself. It don't pay unless you understand it thoroughly.

No matter how wretchedly poor a man may be he always has something we like to possess, and that is his good opinion.

TUBBS says the people of the most short comings he knows of, are his country relatives on his wife's side.

THE best way I know of to correct bad eggs is to beat them to your heart's content.

THE best summer style for wearing the hair is to wear it bald.

A MUTUAL friend: one who keeps mute.

THE best scribe—sub-scribe.

A SURE if—the sher-iff.



THE SHIP UPON THE SAND.